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MORLEY MEMOIRS

Compiled By

Catherine Crapo Bullard

1959

Compiled By

MEMOIRS
OF
MORLEY

Dec 21st Mr McVay finds it will not be practible to get a load for the "Pris" to any place that will enable her to make any thing, and has concluded to lay her up, for a few days, we will remain on boa, as we are more comfortably situated here, than we would be in a Hotel — Had a visit from Mr Cuningham, who married Miss Nancy Willson formerly, near Claysville, he is now a widower, and engaged in business here,

" 22d Some warmer to day, am quite unwell again, these changes in the weather I dislike exceedingly,

" 23d Mr McVay left this morning for Mobile, a great many steam=boats arriving and departing Mr Hadden has called several times, expresses much anxiety for the return to become pleasant &

Rec'd May 26-1877

that he can take us round to see
the City, should have noticed the
"Roanoke" arrived yesterday from
Cincinnatti, loaded down to the guard
Dec 24th Rachael Hammond called to day
to see me, and enquire about
Sarah and John, says she is bridesmaid on the 31st Leander, "looks well
" 25th Christmas day) presume there is
quite a stir up in the City, we
cannot see much of it here on the
Levee,
" 26th Mr & Mrs Brewer arrived to day, on the
"Monongahala" Called on me this
evening, it would require one to be
placed in similar circumstances
to imagine how much I was pleased to see them, and hear from
home, no letters however —
" 27th Sunday) Mr Brewer and Mr Holmes
called this morning) to take me to
church, but I was in bed, with a

Parker in Boston

19 IRVING STREET
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Jan 8 1961

The Public Library
Saginaw
Michigan

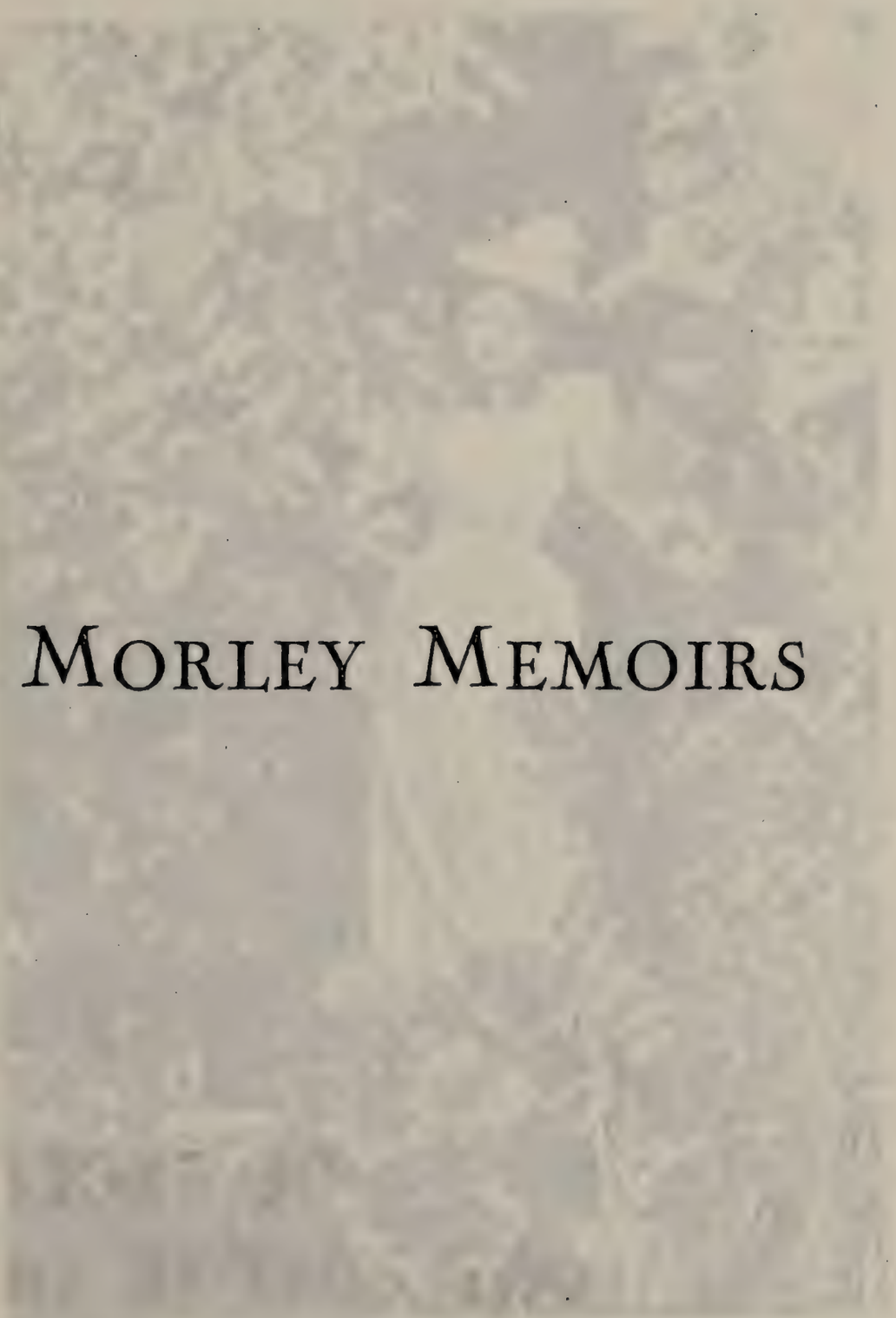
Dear Sirs

I am sending you a little book I compiled about the Indians of Saginaw — My mother was a Indian and I was born there — I have such happy memories of 335 North Washington Street where we celebrated Christmas until

the death of my grandfather
& grandmother (the John
R. Dunlaps) I have hoped
in some way to pass
some knowledge of their
days - & the earlier days -
of the Dunlaps on to my
children - but probably
this must be of some
interest in Sagamore
as I am taking the
liberty of sending
you one - as a gift of
Course

Sincerely

Adelene C. Ballard
(Mrs John M. Ballard



Morley Memoirs

Emma Caroline Morley

1872 -- 1937

Bullard, Catherine C
Morley Memoirs - Reynolds-DeWalt

Saginaw Library

1959

Layout: Peter S. Grinnell
Printing: Reynolds - DeWalt
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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FOREWORD

When my father Stanford T. Crapo died in Detroit in 1939, the house and its contents were left to me, including a good many family papers. I took them with me to New Bedford, went over them carefully and put them in labeled boxes where perhaps someone else, if they felt so inclined, could read them. There were two diaries I kept out which sounded promising. One was my Great Aunt Emma's telling of her trip in 1864, during the Civil War, to Fort Scott, Kansas, the other, my Great Grandmother McVay's record of her trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans in 1840-41. I had them deciphered in 1958 by someone with better eyes than mine. I was charmed when I could finally read them and was spurred on to read a little book entitled "Early Days of Fort Scott." These two diaries (spelling, grammar and punctuation unchanged) with added material I have compiled, present a picture of the Morleys that I hope will give as much pleasure to some of their other descendants as it has to me.

CATHERINE CRAPO BULLARD
SEPTEMBER 1959

HOYT
APR 4 1961

My brother William and I knew Grandfather and Grandmother Morley well. Mary (my sister) did not have that good fortune as grandfather died the year she was born and grandmother shortly after. We lived in Detroit and they in Saginaw, but we went back and forth often.

We especially loved to be with grandfather as he never tried to entertain us, he just included us in the things he was doing. His microscope held us enthralled and the then-budding movie industry which was of scientific interest to him, was fascinating to us. He read us his books; Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" was our favourite, with Don Quixote's windmill tilting a close runner-up. But I am getting ahead of my story they don't really come alive until we read Aunt Emma's Diary, which I will give to you in full.

Oct. 5th, 1864. Wednesday Evening.

Started for St. Louis en route for Ft. Scott. On reaching Cleveland met John at the depot who said he had not purchased our tickets as Healy thought it would not be safe for us to go just then, better wait until the excitement was over in St. Louis. John left it to our decision (Tommy and myself) and we decided to go Price or no Price. Ed bid us good bye at the Cleveland depot and John, Tommy and myself started westward not knowing how far we should go or how soon be obliged to turn back . . . At Crestline changed cars and while John hurried forward to engage a berth in a sleeping car, Tommy and I tried to find our way alone in the dark and such a perilous time we had too. I think we will never, either of us, forget Crestline. We were very fortunate in getting a pleasant state room in the sleeping car. Had a comfortable time to Indianapolis, but from this last place to St. Louis the cars were crowded and dusty, were three or four hours behind time and when on the Ferry had to wait an hour for baggage, tired and sleepy enough were we on arriving at the Planters House, St. Louis about one o'clock Friday morning . . .

Friday Morning. Oct. 7th.

After breakfast Tommy and I started out to see Kitty. She was quite surprised to see *me* not hearing that I had started. Was delighted enough at our arrival having been for several days in a state of anxious expectancy . . . Received a cordial welcome from Mrs. Dr. Hale and introduced to her niece Mrs. Newman. They all thought it perilous our trying to get to Ft. Scott . . . In telling them of my desire of going into a hospital at Nashville they said they thought I would have an opportunity to enter into the work at St. Louis if I wished to stay. Mrs. Wells (sister-in-law of Mrs.

Hale) was superintendent of the "diet kitchen" at Benton Barracks and wanted very much to get some one to assist her. I was delighted thought Providence had favored me and my taking this journey so much against my will, was after all but to favor my long cherished plan of going into a hospital . . . Mrs. Hale proposed our going out to the Barracks at *once,* as we would there find Mrs. Wells and could consult with her . . . so Kitty, Mrs. Newman, Tommy and I started and found on reaching there that Mrs. Wells was sick and would not be out during the day. Was quite disappointed, but Mrs. Newman said as her home was on our way home, we could call and see her on our return . . . We stayed at the Barracks long enough to visit several Wards and it made my heart ache to see the suffering from disease and wounds, poor fellows! They all looked patient but weary and tired . . . The wards were clean and well ventilated . . . Stopped at the cot of one poor sufferer, whose troubles in this world would soon be over. I shall never forget his pale careworn face . . . Passed the quarters of the Contrabands, also those of the White 'Refugees' "poor white trash" they were most certainly. I never saw such *forlorn, desolate* looking human beings . . . The ladies tell us it is most discouraging working for or doing anything for this class of people, they are so ignorant and so indolent, say they *will* not work, rather 'rot' first . . . "did not come up *jese* to work, government must take care of them." The diet kitchen which of course *I* was very much interested in, I inspected closely, everything was neat and orderly. Thought if it was decided I should start this would not be by any means the worst place to live and work in . . . On coming back in the street car our party fell into conversation with an intelligent Federal officer from Texas. That he was a patriot, one could easily see from his truthful open countenance, aside from his

conversation. He gave us some account of these poor Refugees at the Barracks whom he had brought from the south. His account of their utter destitution and helplessness was indeed pitiful. But I do not see what is to be done with them, they are too indolent to even *try* to help themselves. Called on Mrs. Wells. Was very much pleased with her. She seemed anxious that I should stay and help her if she could make suitable arrangements for my board, sleeping, etc. I hope it will be so that I can stay and I do feel as if I should, perhaps I feel this way because I *wish* so much to stay. I certainly have no heart in going a step further . . .

Saturday. Oct. 8th.

Went out with John and Tommy to buy goods, spent all the afternoon, came home quite tired. This evening called at Dr. Hale's, think the Dr. very pleasant . . .

Sunday. Oct. 9th.

Went with Dr. Hale's family to hear Dr. Nelson preach, like him very much. Mrs. Newman said to me coming out of church, "We are both drafted and requested to report to the Barracks tomorrow morning." Went again to the 'Barracks' this afternoon with John as I wanted him to see and talk with Mrs. Wells . . . found her there and she and John had a consultation . . . do not know what decision they arrived at in regard to me . . . John opposes very much my stopping here, but I think I shall stay . . . Been packing and unpacking this evening, taking all my "goods and chattels" from John's trunk and putting them in my own. Written a long letter to Kate telling her of the change in my plans . . . quite tired, think I will retire . . .

Monday Morning. Oct. 10th.

Started off quite early this morning with Mrs. Newman for 'Benton Barracks'. John has decided to leave

Emma Caroline Morley

1837 -- 1867

for Ft. Scott tomorrow (Tuesday) and whether I stayed or not had to be decided today . . . On arriving there found Mrs. Wells was out visiting the Warels, waited for her at the 'Kitchen' . . . The only obstacle to my stopping here is a sleeping apartment. There is no bedroom attached to the 'Kitchen' and none vacant at any of the boarding houses on or near the grounds. Mrs. Wells consulted with Major Russell, surgeon in charge, said if I could wait a few days some arrangement might be made, at present everything was undergoing a change . . . It is absolutely necessary for John to leave tomorrow and of course I could not stay here two or three days in an unsettled state waiting for something to turn up . . . John says I must go on, so I am obliged to give up all ideas of hospital labor in this city. It is a bitter disappointment to me, but perhaps it is all for the best, though it does not seem so now . . .

Tuesday. Oct. 11th, 1864.

Out shopping all the morning with Tommy and Kitty. At 4 o'clock p.m. left the "Planters House" bag and baggage to take the steam boat 'Burlington' en route for Ft. Scott via Hannibal. On reaching the boat went immediately to the cabin and threw off our cloaks and bonnets. The salon was meltingly warm, reminded me of a Turkish bath. Will Smith came on the boat to see us. Said he had but just heard that we were in the city . . . John had not told him before. I had not seen him for several years, found he had changed but little . . . I take no delight in this trip. Every step westward my heart fails me. I thought I should never, never go west again, especially in this direction, and by this route. *Hannibal* is the last place on the face of the earth I ever wish to see again. I do not think I should *ever have* left home if I had known we were to pass through this place.

Wednesday. Oct. 12th, 1864.

This has been a beautiful day, everything pleasant and quiet. If it were not for this terrible war, would enjoy this part of the trip, but even here on this beautiful river above St. Louis too one feels not safe. We may have an attack from guerrillas on the Missouri side at any time. All is uncertainty and suspense. Kitty and I have spent most of the day on deck. The cabin is *close,* and the company we meet there not remarkably agreeable . . . At the mouth of the Missouri passed seven boats all loaded with soldiers whom Rosecrans had sent after Rice & Co. Fell in conversation accidentally with a man from Hannibal, in speaking of the Hannibal & St. Jo R. R. said they had a smash up every day, two killed a week . . . Well I think we have heard the worse side of everything and are prepared for the reality whatever it may be. Reached Hannibal about half past nine Wednesday evening, heard that the rebel Shelby was marching on the H. & St. Jo R. R. with a large force. The clerk gave us this information and said to Tommy, "Young man I guess you will have a chance to shoulder your musket before you get through this trip." Found the railroad Hotel full to overflowing so went up town to the Planters House. What a forlorn sight, — everything looked so dilapidated, miserable place. I had hoped never to see it again, and such a room as we had at the hotel. Ah! bed bugs, shall I, can I ever forget them . . . Went to bed not knowing what direction we should take the next morning, east or west . . .

Oct. 13th, 1864. Thursday.

Was called early this morning, found the programme was for us to go on to Ft. Scott. The Landlord and others told John there would be no danger . . . Hurried through breakfast and jumped into the omnibus which was just starting for the depot, but found on

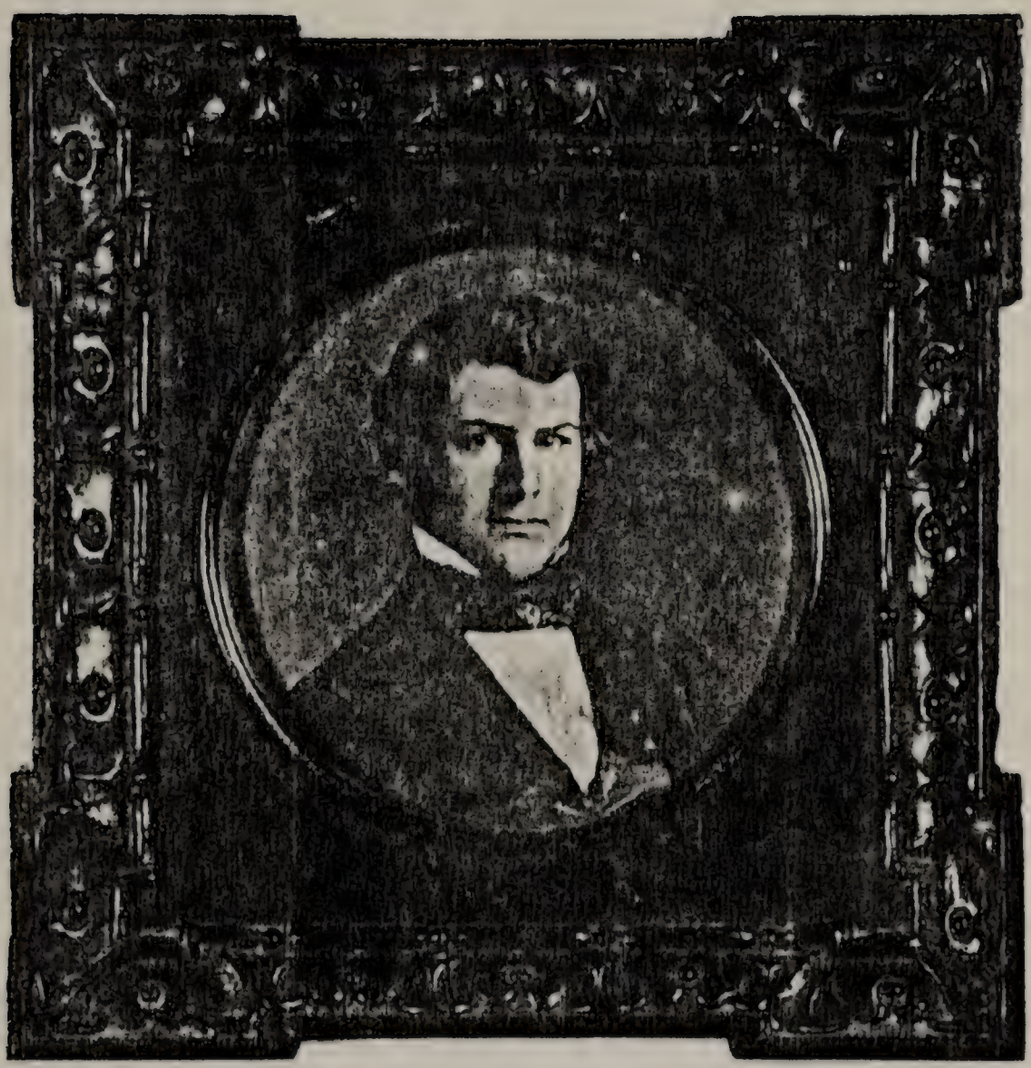
reaching there we should have to wait sometime for the train. Tommy came in with Bridget, had found her house and brought her over to see us. She seemed completely broken down since Jerry's death . . . A guard of colored soldiers were at the depot waiting for the train. They go with us as a protection from Guerrillas. Poor fellows, the rebels would show them no mercy if they fell into their hands. With fear and trembling I stepped into the car. Even in times of peace I should dread to pass over this track, but during this excitement it is certainly perilous . . . But every step of our way from St. Louis we could but expect would be one of dangers . . . Were especially disappointed in one respect, did not find the track as rough as we anticipated for were told we must hold fast to our seats or we should be thrown from them . . . Until we passed Macon City, did not breathe very freely, for an attack at this place was expected today (the 13th) found on reaching here many soldiers fortyfying and intrenching as fast as possible. It certainly looked *war like* indeed. I think we here all realized most fully since starting on this journey that we are in the midst of a civil war . . . Stopped at Brookfield for dinner, and a miserable one we had too besides being miserably waited upon . . . After leaving Brookfield they told us we need have no further fears as we had passed the most dangerous part of the route . . . I began to breathe freely again and thought we should perhaps reach our destination in safety, when a gentleman came in the car saying they had just heard from an escaped Union prisoner that the rebels intended to attack the train that day about twenty miles from the place where we then were, so we must be on the 'look out' when we come to the next woods. Such a day of suspense and anxiety I hope I may never have to pass again . . . John insisted on Kitty and myself taking seats in the last car. Thought we would be safer,

not as likely to be injured, if the train was thrown from the track. It certainly *was not pleasant,* this making all arrangements for a casualty, or raid by rebels. I looked anxiously at every bush we passed, expecting to see a "Bush whacker" steal from behind it . . . The conductor looked worried and troubled, as did the passengers *too,* though all joked and laughed about "Guerrillas" trying to make ourselves believe there was no danger . . . But all I think gave a sigh of relief when our train arrived safely at St. Jo. I am very sure I did . . . Stayed at the St. Jo depot about half an hour. Met there a lady and gentleman from Laurence (Kansas) on their way east. Wondered that we dare go any further west especially in the direction of Ft. Scott. Said everyone in Kansas was alarmed, business suspended, and at present a perfect panic throughout the state. We told them we would rather risk our lives by going on to Ft. Scott than to return home again via Hannibal and St. Jo. R. R. We were certainly between fires, *danger* everywhere. We could but trust to Providence to bring us through in safety . . . Took the cars at St. Jo for Weston, which place we reached about 12 o'clock at night and there took a boat for Leavenworth. The short trip on the Missouri was lost to us as we found ourselves at day break at our stopping place Ft. Leavenworth . . .

Friday. Oct. 14th, 1864.

Find ourselves comfortably located at the "Planters Hotel", Leavenworth City, and glad enough are we to rest, even for a short time after our tedious journey. Took breakfast before engaging our rooms, enjoyed the meal too. Everything was clean and palatable. John found the stage had left for Ft. Scott. Said we would have to stay there one day at least perhaps longer. Was shown our room (Kitty and I) which was no sooner reached then we indulged in the luxury of a bath and

changed our dusty travelling suits, felt decidedly refreshed . . . Find this city under martial law, business suspended, everyone in fear and suspense, expecting any moment an attack from Price, but after our perilous ride through Missouri, this place to us seems safe. Kitty, Tommy and I thought we would take a walk and view the beauties of Leavenworth. So started forth, but had hardly crossed the street, before we were stopped by a soldier who demanded our pass. Of course we had none, told him we were strangers, etc. Said he was "sorry to detain us but such were his orders, would accompany us back to the Hotel." We turned to go when he laid his hand on Tommy's shoulder saying I must detain this young man. We told him he was a stranger, had just come in from the country that morning, had left a wife and children in the "bush" — but notwithstanding this was detained and impressed into service. Nothing we could say availed anything. So were obliged to return to the Hotel and leave Tom with his new formed military friend . . . John received a telegram from Kate today saying all safe at Ft. Scott but does not wish him to come on at present, as she feels he would be safer at Leavenworth, but he is so worried about Kate and the children and then too has us on his hands, poor man, my heart aches for him. Has about decided to leave us here and go on tomorrow to Ft. Scott. Wrote home today, a "scary" letter I am afraid it will be to all who read. While sitting in the parlor writing, two ladies with their children came rushing in half frantic, said they heard six thousand (6000) Indians were marching on their town (lived near Laurence). They had been in Kansas but three weeks, left pleasant homes in the east and came out to this western world to locate. One of the ladies said she was glad of this 'scare'. Hoped her husband would *now* be satisfied with his experience in Kansas and be willing



JOHN RUFUS MORLEY

1829 -- 1912

to go back to New York . . . Met an old man from Missouri, a Union refugee, is very kind to us, seems to take quite an interest in our welfare. Poor man, he has suffered from this war. I little knew what the southern Union people were to endure until hearing his experience. Met a woman in the parlor this evening who was on the cars when Anderson and his murderous band attacked the train at Centraline and shot twenty-five of our veteran soldiers. Said this band was dressed in Federal uniform. They saw them at the depot before the train got in and thought of course they were our soldiers. They 'hurrahed' for McClellan (McClellan must be proud of his friends). She said that the Guerrillas searched the ladies, made her take off her shoes and stockings and *swore* at her continually for not hurrying. Took her cloak from her back, etc., etc. After all was through Anderson came in the car, and in the most insulting manner, said, "Ladies, I hope my men have not molested you." "No," said one, "they have done everything but murder us, have robbed us, insulted us, but that of course is not molesting." He turned to his soldiers and said, "Men, have you taken anything from these ladies." They said no, had only robbed Federal soldiers. Then Anderson said to them, "Ladies, my men never tell me a lie. I think you must be mistaken. You will probably find your money as you only "imagine it taken." These insulting remarks, she said, were worse to hear than all the rest . . . Had quite a scare in the Hall this evening. A young soldier well dressed and fine looking rushed up to one of the ladies in the parlor, which so frightened her that she ran to the bell rang it frantically. The clerk came to the door. He with others tried to hold the young man but found they could not, he was crazy with liquor, and seemed to have unnatural strength, drew his revolver and attempted to fire, but was fortunately disarmed before

any harm was done. It is terrible to see one in his condition. I hear he is the son of an Episcopal clergyman, well educated, and before he joined the army was a young man of great promise . . . but how demoralized he has become. He was at the "Baxter Springs" massacre and there lost an eye, poor fellow. We know not how he has been tempted, and the scares he has passed through may have made him thus reckless. At the supper table John said he thought he would take us on to Ft. Scott with him tomorrow, but this evening after hearing and seeing so much that was frightful, I begged of him to let us stay here a few days at least. I certainly feel safer here than at Ft. Scott, and so he has concluded to leave us here for the present. I do not wish to take another step further from home until Price's movements are determined . . .

Saturday. Oct. 15th, 1864.

John and Tommy took an early start this morning. We are anxious about them fearing they may have trouble on the route, so many "bush-whackers" in this country now. I do not think I should ever wish to locate in Kansas . . . One of the proprietors of this Hotel who is clerk pro tem (while the militia is in service) is very kind to us which perhaps is accounted for by our telling him we were from Ohio his own native state. He laughs at the idea of our coming from Painesville the pleasantest village in the United States, to this uncivilized country in time of war too . . . I little thought when we left Painesville what a perilous journey we were undertaking. If I realized it all I do think I should not have left home this winter at least. Ah! well perhaps we shall live through it, talk it over for years to come, as one of the *adventures* of our lives . . . perhaps so and perhaps no, so the future alone will determine what the end of this is to be.

Considering the circumstances we enjoy our stay here very much. Every one is polite and kind to us . . . fell into a very pleasant conversation today with a Dr. and Mrs. Massey who have visited Ft. Scott and are acquainted with Sister Kate . . . It seemed almost like meeting an old friend to find some one in this place that had even *seen* one of our relatives . . . Met a lady and daughters whom we all think are strong 'seccish', they come here for protection but we can see very plainly their sympathies are with the south. Nearly every able bodied man in this city is in the militia which had been called out for thirty days to defend the border . . . several gentlemen at our table had just come in from working on the intrenchments, a labor that was entirely new to them we could plainly see, seemed to be highly delighted with their employment, laughed and joked a good deal, they may find it "no joke" after all. When I think of the danger we are continually running into, I wonder at myself and think that they must have been crazy at home to let us come . . . I did not realize that Missouri was so near Kansas. Trouble in the former keeps all Kansas in a state of fear and suspense . . .

Sunday. Oct. 16th, 1864.

Mrs. Massey invited Kitty and me to attend church with her. Went first to the Presbyterian. Arrived there before their morning Sunday school closed. Heard the scholars sing. Saw Gen. Blunt's daughter, a fine looking young lady about fourteen . . . No preaching here so went to the Methodist church. Heard a loud ranting sermon, do not admire the Methodist style of oratory . . . This evening directly after supper Kitty and I went to our room intending to write home — when the waiter brought us a card from "Mr. Sponable". Who Mr. Sponable was, we could not imagine. Concluded the

only way to solve the mystery, would be to pay our compliments to Mr. Sponable in person . . . so went down to the parlor, found there a gentleman whom we had met and conversed with at the table several times . . . He said he was acquainted with my brother Mr. Morley and thinking we might be lonesome took the liberty to call on us this evening. Notwithstanding we did want to write home this evening and Mr. Sponable's call was rather lengthy. Did not leave the parlor until after ten. Dr. Massey though who came in early in the evening did most of the talking . . . Gave us his experience of 'border life'. I only wonder that Kansas has any population. Should think a man before emigrating to this country should settle all his worldly affairs, make his will, get his life insured, etc., etc. . . .

Monday. Oct. 17th, 1864.

Received a telegram from John this morning saying, "All right at Ft. Scott come on immediately," so shall leave here tomorrow morning early. The stores are still closed, but Mrs. Massey said she thought I could get in the 'Ladies Fancy Store' . . . I left home with only three days preparation, thinking I should have time to do some shopping in St. Louis, but found business suspended there until the day we left, so thought I could make my purchase here, but found things even worse here than there. I think we must be "Price Advance Guard." We stay in a place until the danger is over, then rush on to the next exposed point. Presume we shall get to Ft. Scott just in time for the panic there . . . This evening Mr. Sponable called at our room (his excuse was to bring some trunk keys. I lost my trunk key and he kindly offered to get me one), but he stayed for the whole evening, sent for a bottle of champagne. Mr. Robinson also happened in, had quite a merry time.

Tuesday. Oct. 18th, 1864.

Left bright and early this morning for Ft. Scott. The clerk pro tem who is in reality one of the proprietors of the hotel has been very kind to us. Do not think either of us will ever forget him. He ordered our Lunch, talked to us until the stage came in and then bid us 'good bye', hoping we would have a pleasant winter in "Scott" and return home with brighter ideas of Kansas life than we now have . . . Three rough looking men were our "companions de voyage", soon found from their conversations they were *Union* soldiers, so looked upon them less suspiciously during the remainder of the route . . . One of these soldiers had not seen his wife and children for three years, left them in Texas but now found that they had moved to Kansas and he was now going to meet them in their new home . . . A few miles from Olatha he left the stage and we saw a woman running with open arms to meet him (his wife, I suppose). Poor woman, I imagine she was almost frantic with delight to see her husband once more . . . Stopped at Olatha for dinner, but on taking a good look at the house and surroundings, concluded we would dine from our lunch basket . . . A woman with her little boy and dog got in the stage at this place, which addition of passengers did not add to our comfort in the least . . . But we had some time since made up our mind to take things as we found them while travelling in this western country, and at the close of each day were only *too thankful* if we got through without a tip over or attack from guerrillas, but even these two last were considered *trifling* events among the 'old inhabitants' of this border country. Reached Paola about sunset. Stopped at the *principal hotel* for the night. A Kansas country tavern is a great institution, do not think we shall *ever* forget our night at Paola, thought we had certainly come to the "jumping off place" . . .

When we arrived found the house filled with officers of the Militia that were encamped here . . . Consequently found it quite difficult to get a room, but the Landlord said he would try and fix a place for us to sleep in and such a place. Oh horrors! It makes me shudder to think of it. Not only had bugs, but *rats* were our room mates this night. Such a hornpipe as these rats danced on the floor, around our heads, everywhere, long tedious night. We thought morning never would come. On leaving this delectable place next morning repeated Eve's lamentation "Must I leave thee Paradise, etc." . . .

Wednesday. Oct. 19th.

Left Paola before day break, rode six miles and stopped for breakfast. Asked one of the passengers (who goes over this road often) if we should get the same fare here as at Paola, thought if we did would not prefer to stop . . . but he told us that we would get the best meal here of any place in Kansas. On this recommendation we concluded to eat as we were "hungry with much fasting," found we had been rightly informed, everything was clean and palatable, enjoyed our breakfast . . .

One man who sat on the outside with the driver, came around at every stopping place to look in upon us and say something. Found he was the stage agent. Tried to be very funny, reminded us of "Yankee Cowles at home." He would look at the stage heavily loaded with trunks and say, "Gem man that's heavy." This was repeated so often that it got to be rather a stale joke by the time we reached Ft. Scott . . . The first day of our ride at one of the stopping places a gentleman came to the door of the stage and kindly offered us a book said it might help to pass away time. We had not seen him before as he was an outside passenger and but a glimpse of him then but we both said 'that is a

gentleman notwithstanding.' He was dressed rough and looked dusty and weather beaten but he had a refined face pleasant black eyes. Have since learned that he is Express Agent is from Boston (Mass.) has been in the war, was wounded at the battle of "Bull Run" . . . Stopped for dinner about 2 o'clock but Kitty and I thought we would prefer to take ours at Ft. Scott, so while the men and horses were eating we walked on, and enjoyed the walk too, after our long tedious ride . . . everything looked so wild and strange, prairie country to me is decidedly monotonous . . . While travelling over these 'plains of Kansas' I could hardly realize what part of the world I was in, so different is the scenery from anything I ever saw before. We were so anxious to reach our journey's end that every mile seemed longer and longer the nearer we approached our destination. We finally reached the Ft. but how different all looked from what I imagined. It seemed to me like anything but a military fort, indeed it reminded me very much of Fair Port (Ohio). The day was beautiful, the scenery on the road leading to this place wild and picturesque, — but the place itself looked so queer, so rough, so unlike anything that I had ever seen before that I felt bewildered and wondered where I was . . . The stage stopped first at the Hotel and the first familiar face that welcomed us was Bertie's, and 'where's Auntie Emma and Kitty' soon reached our ears. Georgie and Johnnie soon made their appearance, followed by their father, who all got in the coach and rode to the house with us . . . and this little stone home looked as I imagined. The room into which we first entered look pleasant and homelike. Found they had been very anxious about us, for soon after telegraphing us to come, heard that Price's army was at Paola and they feared we had been 'surrounded or taken prisoners,' but before our arrival the news had been contra-

JOHN MCVAY MORLEY
ALBERT HEALY MORLEY
GEORGE BIDWELL MORLEY

FORT SCOTT DAYS

dicted, to their great relief . . . We rested a few moments and then all went down to the "Restaurant" for supper, how queer! how strange! everything looked. Dr. Van Deyn, Post Surgeon, came up to the house with us after supper to see Georgie, who has been sick for some time. Poor little fellow, he looks miserably. Mr. Crawford (Gov. they call him) called this evening, looks when he smiles so much like Thomas. All the gentlemen look care worn and anxious, and no wonder, when such a black cloud hangs over all Kansas . . . These lines are continually running in my head, "Man must work and woman must weep. The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep."

Thursday. Oct. 20th, 1864.

Feel today a little more secure. News from Price more encouraging (to us). In hopes this terrible suspense will soon be over and Price and army retreat south through Missouri . . . Mrs. Haynes and Mrs. Greene called today. *Gov. Crawford again this evening. Played Authors games, like Mr. Crawford very much, is gentlemanly and refined, but looks sad, and in delicate health . . . We have not yet rested from our tedious stage ride.

Friday. Oct. 21st, 1864.

News a little more threatening. We may yet have to prepare for the worst . . . John is out drilling every night until quite late, and leaves the house before any of us are up in the morning . . . we see but little of him, sometimes not even at meals . . . business has been suspended here for some time. All the citizens are on military duty . . . all look worried and anxious, if Col. Blair and force would come back to the Post what a weight would be removed, but as it is but a hand full of men (citizen soldiers) to contend with Price's whole army.

*George A. Crawford, Governor of Kansis

Saturday, Oct. 22nd, 1864.

Darker and darker, what is the end to be? Stopped in a store a few moments this morning, on returning from breakfast, while there *Capt. White* came in and ordered Tommy to come out and work on the intrenchments. Poor Tom, I am better able myself to go than he. Little has he seen of war, and how repulsive everything of the kind is to him . . . Have had none of us any heart to do anything today . . . rooms unswept, beds unmade, everything in confusion, and we have given up in despair, not knowing what to do, yet determined not to leave town unless ordered to do so by the military authorities . . . Strange as it may seem we had three calls this afternoon, the two Mrs. McDonalds and Miss Hayle, all dressed in their best. Hardly knew what to make of it, yet they say that is the way they all do in this country . . . they have lived in war for the past eight years, go on as usual until the very last moment, and if all passes over with only a 'scare' they commence where they left off as if nothing had happened . . . Mrs. Haynes told me she had been to dances here when every gentleman in the room was armed with *loaded* revolvers, ready any moment for an attack. They say they soon get used to these 'scares' perhaps so . . . but I think it would shorten my life many years to live on this border when most of the time is spent in fear and suspense . . .

Sunday. Oct. 23rd, 1864.

Went to bed last night but not to *sleep.* Kate, Kitty and I sitting around a fire about nine o'clock p.m. heard the band playing and great cheering in camp. Was *sure* they had received good news and was beginning to feel quite hopeful, when John came in to tell us the rebels were at Mound City (about twenty miles from here) and our forces still in the rear . . . My heart sank within me. I thought this place *doomed,* and

could see no chance of escape. John told me we had better retire, and get all the rest we could, the enemy would not get here before Monday certainly and perhaps not until Tuesday morning. We, Kitty and I, obeyed orders and went to bed though I never closed my eyes to sleep that night . . . About day break heard a great rattling at our window, and a voice calling, "Morley, Morley! you are ordered to report to your company immediately. The "bush whackers" have burned Marmaton and killed nine men." . . . Oh horrors! Shall I ever forget my feelings on hearing this . . . it is terrible enough to hear of an advancing army and know that a battle must ensue with many lives sacrificed on both sides, but to feel that you are living in a country where men, or fiends rather, rush into a town in the middle of the night and murder unarmed innocent citizens, it is horrible! . . . The Millennium I fear is a great way off . . .

Such a day as this has been. We must prepare for the worst, it seems as if nothing but a miracle could now save this place. Price's whole army marching rapidly on this Post while our small force is still in the rear. We hear nothing of Rosecran's or Pleasanton. Where can they be?

Been tearing up and packing all day, burying in the ground all our valuables, hoping even if they are lost to us they will not fall into rebel hands . . . My diamond and Kitty's ruby pins, diamond rings, sleeve buttons, etc. etc., I sewed in my corsets. The rebels may search us, but I feel as if they would be as safe there as anywhere, and will run the risk of keeping them by me. We have packed our trunks which are to be sent out two or three miles and hid in the brush . . . How desolate the house looks! . . . and now what shall the women and children do? I want to stay . . . if the men are to make a stand here, sacrifice their lives per-

haps. I think the women can stay by them at least until they commence shelling the town . . . There is a perfect panic here this morning, many women leaving today . . . Capt. Insley, Post Quarter Master has been the cause of this panic, loading government wagons and sending them off as rapidly as possible . . . advises all the women and children to leave immediately. Mr. Bridgens came up here this morning saying Capt. Insley wished him to tell my brother to be sure and have us ladies leave as there would be no safety in we ladies staying here, but we do not wish to leave until we are *absolutely obliged* to go . . . Went over to Mrs. Haynes this afternoon, met there Mrs. Alex. McDonald and Mrs. Capt. Clark, they all intend to stay, Capt. Insley to the contrary notwithstanding . . . I was so glad of this decision for I heard they were all intending to leave . . . On coming home met Mr. Blackney at the door. Poor man, he looks so worried. His wife is near Lawrence, he hears nothing from her, and of course is very anxious . . . Mr. Crawford called again this afternoon, has been here every day I think since we came. Poor man, it makes me sad to look at him but

"Men must work and women must weep
The sooner its over, the sooner to sleep."

How constantly are these lines running in my head, during these dark hours. Mr. Blackney called again this evening, looks completely worn out, is on guard most every night . . . Oh! how terrible this suspense. John came in late, says the news is that Pleasanton has whipped Price and that the rebel army are retreating south through Missouri, their old beaten track . . . I hope it is *true*, but so many conflicting reports one hardly knows what to believe . . . this news will at least give us a respite, and perhaps we catch a few hours of sleep . . . John stays with his company at the Hall tonight.

Monday, Oct. 24th, 1864.

Went down to the "Restaurant" to breakfast this morning, all of us feeling better as the news of yesterday had not as yet been contradicted . . . We hope for the best, at the same time cannot help fearing the worst . . . Met Aunt Lila. Kate says "Aunt Lila ain't you afraid Old Price will take you." She answers, "Laws no, whats the use of being afeared whats gwine to be is gwine to be anyhow." . . . Poor Capt. Breckenridge looks so sad, my heart aches for him. He says he has the consolation of knowing that another man ought to be here in his place . . .

Dr. Van Dryn advises us to stay until we are *obliged* to leave, thinks for the present this is our safest place . . . have been almost sick today, not able to go down to dinner. Kate, Kitty and the rest of the family went. Mrs. Greene sent for me to come over and take a cup of coffee with her, enjoyed it much better than a "restaurant" dinner . . . had been home from my dinner but a few moments when Mr. Crawford called. No one but myself to entertain him. Poor man, he looked sadder than ever . . . had just heard that Price and army were at Mound City, coming this way rapidly, our forces in the rear . . . It seemed the news we heard last night was too good to be true . . . Mr. Crawford thought there was no hope for Ft. Scott, yet said they should make a stand . . . I told him I believed if all did their duty, strength would be given for whatever we had to pass through . . . It is strange when I have felt so despondent ever since I came here, and through all this excitement have looked on the dark side, while Kitty and Tommy have laughed and joked and seemed to have no fear, that *now* when everything looks so dark and hopeless, I should feel as I do, for it certainly seems to me that this place even at the 'eleventh' hour will be saved. I have no reason for thus thinking, yet

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cannot help feeling so . . . Whatever comes, I believe I shall have strength given for the hour . . . but one has to nerve themselves to it. This *suspense* is terrible, it is like passing through the "valley of the shadow of death" such a sinking of the heart, such a black cloud hanging over us . . . I ask myself every once in awhile where am I? What is this? Is it not all a dream? Tommy, Kitty and I, while sitting in the bedroom, looked at each other in blank despair, everything torn up, trunks packed ready to start for we know not where. Poor Tom, my heart aches for him yet he says he has no fear of death, he only regrets he had not joined the militia on his arrival, and could now be with the men defending the Post . . . he cannot endure the idea of avoiding danger in this way . . . But he knows nothing of the drill and John says he must stay with us. I did not go down to supper tonight with the rest of the family. Mrs. Greene and Nettie came over early in the evening to stay all night with us . . . a sorrowful group were we, did not go to bed but sat up to "watch and wait." All of the soldiers were ordered to sleep on their arms tonight ready at a moment's warning for an attack . . . John came in about nine o'clock to get his blanket etc. We buckled on his sword. I gave him his revolvers. I thought of the picture 'Spirit of '76', little dreaming while looking at this picture in my own quiet home that I should ever live to see that a reality . . . he left us and we knew not when or where we should meet again. Oh! this suspense, how dreadful. Could not sleep, could not talk, but could only look at each other and wait . . . Mrs. Greene and Nettie are sleeping on the floor. Kitty was reading. Kate and I had dropped down on the lounge. When about 3 o'clock we heard one of the seige guns fixed as an alarm, we all sprang to our feet in perfect consternation! thinking the battle had commenced. Never shall I forget

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that moment, it seemed as if all was over, our last hope gone. Poor Kate had kept up until this moment, but could no longer control herself and burst into tears . . . We dressed the children and then waited for we knew not what. John soon came in told us we *must* leave, he had engaged a gov. wagon which would be here in a few moments. I protested, begged of him to let me stay with Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Haynes and the other ladies. Told him as far as risking my life was concerned, I should feel as safe here as on the prairies, the exposure might be worse for me in the end than to stay here, but no, he insisted on my going. Kitty too set up her authority, urged and insisted on my going. I was almost provoked at her — for I was sick and could not endure the idea of travelling over those plains of Kansas, subject to cold and fatigue, and worse than all attack from Guerrillas. Mr. Blackney soon came in. He too thought it best for us all to leave, as the rebels would probably commence soon to shell the town . . . Cristendolf the wagoner then made his appearance, said our wagon was at the door, we must get off as soon as possible. I turned to him and said, "Don't you think I can stay." He said, "No, good God! it will be terrible, no woman ought to stay." Seeing Kitty he said, "Get that young lady out of town." . . . This *frightened me.* I thought if Price's men were such fiends as this man seemed to think, there would be indeed no mercy shown the women and children, and made no further objection to leaving . . .

We were hurried out, tumbled into the wagon (nine of us, Mrs. Greene and Nettie among the number) raining terribly, dismal and dark . . . Mr. Blackney came to the wagon said "goodbye" to us all and off we started . . . We could not see our driver, but heard him *swear* most unmercifully to his mules while going down (about half a mile from town) the steepest

hill I had ever had the ill luck to pass over. Oh! horrors. What a night, shall I *ever forget* it . . .

Tuesday, Oct. 25th, 1864.

When day light came and we could "see ourselves as others see us," we had a good laugh notwithstanding. Our hearts were heavy and we all felt more like crying . . . We found ourself in a government train consisting of three wagons like ours, one ambulance and *Capt. Insley's private* carriage, which he had sent with his driver to take Mrs. Judson to a place of safety . . . Our escort of fifteen men were mounted and well armed . . . beautiful sunny day was this 25th of October, 1864, and under different circumstances I doubt not this ride over the prairie would be pleasant, but the suspense we were in, not knowing the fate of Ft. Scott or those we left there, kept us all in a state of *nervous anxiety,* which not even the *jolting* of this heavy gov. wagon, while passing over the roughest roads imaginable could mitigate or relieve . . . Stopped at about eleven o'clock for breakfast at a place called Xenia, this place honored with a name consisted of one house at which we stopped and found the "mistress of the mansion" a perfect vixen. Since heard her name is Mrs. Love, what a misnomer. I am sure this virtue she never could have possessed . . . Met at this place the party of 'stampeders' who had left town before us. Col. Wilson and daughter, Mrs. Capt. Clark and family, Col. Blair's children and Grace Hoyle. The McDonalds belonged to this party, but had left before we came up . . . This party would not join our 'train' as Col. Wilson was afraid *we* would be attacked by Guerrillas so they took a different route, but as things turned out, it would have been better for them if they had kept with us . . . After resting a few moments at this house and taking a hurried breakfast from our Lunch basket, we started on. Our ungracious Landlady would hardly permit us

to make a cup of tea (the tea we brought with us) but finally consented. We paid her for all her trouble when we left but did not *thank* her for her hospitality.

On our winding way again over jolting roads, down steep and rocky hills descending which it seemed as if our clumsy wagon would *certainly* capsize, as it did come very near doing once, our driver told us afterward, said he thought we were certainly going over the embankment that time . . . We pass our time in talking and wondering what is going on at Ft. Scott, if the town is destroyed and whether the citizen soldiers that staid to defend the place will escape. Shall we ever see John again? We often imagine the worst and then try to persuade ourselves that a kind Providence will interfere and permit us to go back to our home and friends. The children certainly do not realize the danger. They I think enjoy the ride, but such a commotion as they make! four children and a dog on the 'qui vive' constantly tends toward keeping one's nerves in the active state I think.

About 3 o'clock P.M. stopped at a house for dinner . . . The mules were taken from the wagons to be watered and fed, our escort drivers etc. ordered dinner, but on going into the house and looking around, we concluded to take our dinner from our basket again . . . the people at this place are packed, ready to run from the rebels who they say are coming in full force, upon this road that we are traveling. Of course this is not pleasant news to us and our escort say we must hurry away from this place. While sitting in our wagon, looking out at the small opening at the end, Mrs. Greene and I saw a man galloping up the hill near us, look hurriedly around upon our train, put spurs to his horse and flew past us like the wind. We both exclaimed I believe that is a guerrilla or straggler from Price's army. Soon after we heard the report of a gun, and

learned that our advance escort had seen this same man, commanded him to halt — which he did not do, but turned his horse into the woods. They fired, but the man escaped. They say this is a dangerous place for us to be in, think we are too near Price's advancing army and must hurry off. All this beautiful afternoon (for this has been the most beautiful Autumn day I ever experienced) we have been winding over the prairies going first to the east then to the west, making fence rails, but little progress, as we have traveled but five miles . . . our escort galloping on far ahead of us — their bright guns glistening in the sunshine. The beautiful prairie scene, and circuitous winding of our long train, all tend towards making a most picturesque view which I have sketched on memory's tablet and shall try to copy on paper if I ever live to get home . . . About sunset found our train had stopped in a lonely place away from every house or human habitation. The mules were soon unhitched and were corraled for the night . . . tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Could not all sleep in the wagon, so with blankets made beds on the ground near and under the wagon. Mrs. Greene and Nettie, Tommy and Johnnie take outside berths, while we take a sitting or half reclining position as circumstances or room allow. Close our eyes preparatory to sleep — sleep! I envy the children for they through all this excitement can sleep and eat as usual . . . I have eaten but half a slice of bread since I left Ft. Scott and as to sleeping, *that* is out of the question . . . but perhaps I shall live through it all, and live to tell this adventure to my grandchildren. Perhaps so, but just at present this does not seem probable . . .

Wednesday, Oct. 26th, 1864.

Broke camp and started early this morning on our winding way, Mr. Owens telling us we would go but a

few miles and then stop for breakfast. But it was nearly noon before we reached a house where we could stop. How tired and hungry we were too, when in this little cabin we gathered around the huge fireplace waiting patiently while our dinner was being prepared — quite a different woman was the mistress of this humble cabin to the Xenia landlady whom we parted with yesterday (this woman the wife of a Kansas farmer whose husband was in Moonlight's Regt. and probably by this time at or near Ft. Scott) was kind and hospitable, did everything for our comfort. Said she was from Ohio and when we told her we too were from that state, she had many questions to ask, wanted to know about the fashions, etc. . . . We in speaking of Ft. Scott said we hoped Col. Moonlight had got there, but she poor soul was not so anxious to have that Regt. alone meet the advancing rebels, as her husband was among the number. We inquired the name and told her if we found her husband sick and wounded at Ft. Scott we would take good care of him. She thanked us, said she did not care for anything, she was willing to lose all their property if she only knew her husband was safe. At this house we met a little woman who in the excitement of running from the rebels got separated from her husband and baby. Poor woman, she was almost frantic not knowing what had become of them. At this place we met two gentlemen from Ft. Scott who had left the place several hours later than we, and told us the enemy were marching on five thousand strong. When they left, the town was being evacuated. No one was to remain except Capt. Stadden who was to surrender the Fort and probably by this time the town was in ashes. This was terrible news to us for not having heard bad news until now, we had begun to hope for the best, but our courage gave away at this report. Hardly knew what to do, concluded we must go on to Leavenworth

and wait until we heard from John. With heavy hearts we took our seats in the wagon and were just starting when we heard the cry good news! good news! A settler had just come up for his goods which he had left at this place. Said Ft. Scott was safe, the enemy had been turned to the south east, when within but a few miles of the place. A battle fought, the rebels defeated and were now hurrying south as fast as possible. This news seemed almost *too* good to be true, but our escort said this settler was a reliable man and they believed the report he brought correct. This settler proved to be the husband of the little woman we left at the cabin in such anxious suspense . . . I imagine their meeting was a happy one.

Of course we thought we could *now* go back to Ft. Scott. But no, Mr. Owens had received orders to go on even to Leavenworth, unless he received official orders to return and as no such orders had arrived on we were obliged to go . . . All this bright sunny afternoon we traveled on, on further from Ft. Scott, over these monotonous prairies, looking and watching for a courrier, but no courrier could we see, and finally as the sun was sinking in the west, we found our train corralling for the night, and were informed that another night must we spend in camp . . . Again we camped for greater security against guerrillas, on a lonely prairie away from human habitations, though we did see not far distant a small cabin which we were told was inhabited. Went to it, thinking perhaps we might get our supper there, but a look in from the door was sufficient. Did not venture further. *Dirt;* we thought by this time we had got used to, but *this* was a little too much, and besides we found the children of this cabin were all afflicted with that delectable disease *the itch!* Back to our wagon we went, to see if our lunch basket would furnish another meal. To our delight, found

there was enough. Spread our supper on a box near the wagon. Tommy made us some tea and that with sardines, bread and pickles satisfied our hunger. My appetite since hearing the good news had returned and this supper I ate with a relish . . .

Quite a pretty camp scene was this, another picture which if I had artistic skill, would have sketched on the spot . . .

Near us around a bright camp fire, our drivers were preparing their supper, making bread, coffee, cooking meat, etc., and still further on the colored bretheren and sisters that came in our train were cooking their supper. I hurried through my meal and went over to watch this bread and coffee making, etc. The bread was not the lightest or whitest, I have seen, but I doubt not it tasted good and when everything was ready and placed on the camp chest in dishes, it really looked inviting. Mrs. Insley and sister who did not come prepared for so long a trip and consequently had nothing left in their lunch basket, were very glad to accept an invitation to partake of this repast which they said they relished as much as any meal they ever ate. This mode of traveling, under *pleasant* circumstances, would have I think a tendency to give one a good appetite . . .

After supper we commenced to make arrangements for sleeping. Tommy was very busy making a bed in the corner of a fence near some corn stalks, and when finished, wanted me to come and see it. He had taken mattresses and blankets from our wagon and spread on the ground. Above he made a covering with army blankets. It really looked quite comfortable, at least compared with the outside berths our party occupied the night before.

Kitty, Mrs. Greene and Nettie, Mrs. Insley and sister and Tommy occupied this roomy and well ventilated

bedroom. After they had retired, I looked in upon them, before seeking my resting place in the wagon with Kate and the children. Kitty was in the corner, Tommy next, the horses and mules had been hitched to the rail fence were stamping, braying, kicking, etc. which they would probably keep up until morning for the benefit of the sleepers. As I turned away, I heard Tommy say, "Kitty, you must lie still for there is a stone directly above your head, which holds the blanket down, and it may fall." This was pleasant information to go to sleep on, so Kitty thought. I wished them pleasant dreams and refreshing slumber, which of course they will have under the circumstances . . . and I climb into the wagon, find Kate and the children fixed for the night, take my corner near the end where through the opening I can get a little fresh air and settle myself for the night. Our last remaining candle is burning low — almost gone — so I must stop writing and catch a few hours sleep if I can . . .

Thursday, Oct. 27th, 1864.

Another breaking of camp and moving on, on we know not where or how far. If we could only have orders to go back. Slept last night a little by snatches. But mules keeping up a constant braying and kicking, horses stamping, drivers getting up every little while to swear at said animals, pickets while off duty talking around the camp fire about guerrillas, wind whistling over the lonely prairie, may all have a soothing influence *perhaps,* when one gets used to it, but I think I shall have to camp out a few more nights before I can sleep soundly through it all . . . Beautiful sunshiny day is this, prairie scenery is very fine if one does not get too much of it . . . Oh! these rough jolting roads! When shall we stop? We were told we should go but a few miles before stopping for breakfast, but it is now nearly noon and still we go on, on . . . Mr. Owens our Chief

of escort coming up to our wagon. We hail him with, "Mr. Owens, where are you going?" He answers, "Going crazy." Poor man, I should think he would go crazy, so many questions, so much urging to turn back, when he being under *military* orders is *obliged* to go on until he receives orders to the contrary . . . Oh! well, this is a good trial for one's patience and amiability of disposition, just what we all need perhaps . . . But joy! here comes a courrier! good news! good news! Ft. Scott is safe and Col. Blair has sent for us to come back. (This is official.) Now the roads do not seem quite so rough, nor the hills so steep, although we cannot at present go directly to Ft. Scott, as we are off the main road, and will have to take this circuitous route, some distance before we reach it . . . But here we are at a place called Garrett, stop for both breakfast and dinner, so goodbye to this morris wagon for a short time at least . . .

On our winding way again, but how refreshed after our good dinner and rest at Garrett. How hungry we all were, what a delicious dinner was that to us. This is indeed a lovely afternoon, the sun shining so brightly, our way winding through thickly wooded dells, the autumn leaves above and below us give us their brightest hues in the warm sunlight . . . beautiful day! light hearts! homeward bound!

Met this afternoon many of the Kansas militia returning home from the battlefield, some with trophies, cannon balls, etc. in their hands. One I noticed with his hat riddled with balls. They said as they passed our train, "Pass on, pass on. Ft. Scott is now safe." They knew we were "Stampeders." Our escort I think felt rather chagrined. I am sure if I had been a man, I should have felt much worse than I did . . . in talking with our driver found that he and one of our mules were at the "Cabin Creek" massacre . . .

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Friday, Oct. 28th.

This we are told will be the last day of this tedious trip. Mr. Owens says we will probably be home this afternoon. Last night we camped again on the lonely prairie, had no pickets out as our escort seem now to have no fear of guerrillas. We all, except Tommy, passed the whole night in the wagon — and close, crowded and uncomfortable was this last night's rest. It was very cold, too. Tommy was obliged to leave his bed under the wagon long before morning and crawl inside with us, which though adding to his comfort *a little,* did not increase ours in the least. We were so closely packed that we could hardly stir hands, to say nothing of feet . . . glad enough were we to welcome daylight and hear that we were soon to move on. Before starting however, we breakfasted at a little cabin near our camping ground . . . As our early call for breakfast found our host and hostess in bed, we were obliged to wait some time for the meal. As soon as a fire was lighted in the cabin, we were invited in and glad enough were we to gather around the open fireplace. The room was quite small, but large enough to contain two beds, two or three chairs, a table and cupboard — two urchins decidedly *Irishy* in appearance were running about the room while the mother was cooking. On turning around we noticed an old man just out of bed putting on his pantaloons. We immediately turned our faces to the fire again, fearing that he being a modest man, might feel somewhat embarrassed in performing his toilet before so many spectators. His position though could not but be conspicuous, as the room was filled with all the women and children of our train, and so seated that all could not look into the fire. I think though that he must have been used to dressing in a crowd for he seemed to be not in the least flurried, went through the process of dressing, bathing, comb-

ing his hair, etc., as if there was no one else in the room.

Friday, Oct. 28th, 1864.

This has been another beautiful day. We all felt in much better spirits than when we left Ft. Scott Oct. 25th, but it has been a tedious trip, and as we approached nearer and nearer our homes, we grew quite impatient. Our suspense in regard to the safety of Ft. Scott was relieved, but we had not heard from those we left there, and knew not whether John with other citizen soldiers had been ordered to leave the place before hearing the good news. All was uncertainty yet as to their fate. Guerrilla bands were yet infesting the country. If they had been ordered to leave the Fort, we could not feel that they were safe so with anxious hearts we again approached Ft. Scott as with anxious hearts we had left it . . . Slower and slower did our heavily loaded train move on. It seemed as if we never should get home. Expected to have reached the Ft. early this afternoon, but it was long after sundown and quite dark before we found we had reached the town. We stopped at the store to see or hear of John. Georgie, poor little fellow, was continually crying, "I want to see my Papa." On the steps of the store we saw Mr. Cristendolf, the same rough man we saw last before we left. Kate asked if John was safe. He said, "Oh! yes, Mr. Morley is all right, but is half crazy about you all." We drove on to the house. There at the gate stood John — happy meeting! How glad we were to get home. How pleasant to get in a house once more and sit around a bright fire . . . Mrs. Greene, Kate and the rest went down to the Restaurant for supper. I was too tired to go. Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Alex. McDonald called this evening to welcome us home . . .

Shall I ever forget? How pleasant! How delightful! a good soft bed seemed to us this night of our

Sectional View of Market Street 1863; Building on Back Ground Hospital Building of the Fort.

Picture taken from Goodlander book

return home. These rough experiences certainly make one appreciate home and its comforts. We had hardly closed our eyes in sleep before we were awakened by music, a serenade it proved to be. We appreciated the compliment, listened to the music with half closed eyes, too tired, too sleepy to make further effort . . .

Saturday, Oct. 29th.

A lovely Autumn day this has been. On returning from breakfast stopped in the store. While there Capt. Haynes came in, said, "I want you to understand Mrs. Morley the serenade last night was not intended for you, but for Mr. Morley who stayed at home and the young lady who wanted to stay." Met Capt. Breckenridge and Dr. Van Deyn. Looked a little brighter and happier than when we last saw them. Kate returned the letter the Capt. had given her telling him she had had not chance to mail it. He said, "I did not wish it sent unless worst came to worst." Poor man, I presume it was a sad farewell to his wife as he expected if he escaped with life to be taken as a prisoner to Texas . . . Gov. Crawford invited us to ride out to the battlefield this afternoon. Col. Thurston and wife, the two Mrs. McDonalds formed the party. This would not really be called a battlefield as they said there had been only skirmishing here, but to me the sight was sad and sickening. Dead horses scattered all around, and cattle that had been hurriedly killed by the rebels, who not having time to cook all, had cut large pieces from them, leaving the unsightly remains to bleach on the prairie . . . Most of the dead we supposed had been buried, but saw two rebels left on the lonely prairie, with the scorching sun shining down upon their blackened up-turned faces. One was dressed neat and comfortable, fine features. Must have been a fine looking man. Someone doubtless loving and praying for him even now little thinking of his

lying on this lonely prairie, the cold ground for a resting place, with nothing to protect him from drenching rain or scorching sun. Near him was another rebel soldier, but no sympathy could we feel while looking upon this hardened face. This one, we all thought, must have been a "bushwhacker." Both were killed by shells . . .

After picking up relics such as letters, cannon balls, etc., we came home tired, *very* tired. The excitement and fatigue, both mental and physical, that we have been through during the past few days is beginning to tell upon us. *I* feel perfectly exhausted. Hope a few days rest will have a beneficial effect.

Sunday, Oct. 30th.

Another beautiful sunny day this has been. Made chicken broth to take to the hospital which I visited with Kitty and Mrs. Haynes. Sad and sickening was the sight (in going through the wards) of our brave soldiers suffering from frightful and ghastly wounds. All seemed patient and cheerful, but death will soon relieve many of their sufferings . . .

Went through the rebel ward and talked with many of these wounded prisoners. The manner of most of the men is cringing and sullen, though they are evidently pleased at receiving the kind treatment at our hands, which is more than they extend to our poor prisoners. Those I talked with expressed themselves as tired of the war, tired of fighting. One young man whom I spoke to on coming out, seemed very sad, tears were in his eyes. Poor fellow, he is badly wounded. His cot, I fear, will soon be empty . . . This cruel war, when will it end? The broken hearts it has already caused . . . alas! How many more it will cause, the future alone can tell . . . Wrote to Mrs. Mills (of St. Louis) this morning asking for sanitary stores for the hospital here.

Monday, Oct. 31st.

Visited the hospital again today. Carried books to the Marmaduke hero. Asked him yesterday if he would like something to read. Said he would, but did not care for novels, so I selected something more solid . . . Called at the Surgeon's office and asked Dr. Van Deyn to call and see John who since the raid has been quite sick. The excitement, exposure, etc. of those days of terror are beginning to tell on him, as well as the rest of us . . .

Nov. 1st.

Been helping Kate about the house today. This is beginning housekeeping under trying circumstances. Kate expected to have everything nicely arranged before taking our meals at the house, but Price discouraged her plans, and the weather has been such since our return that we cannot get down to the restaurant for meals, but we must make the best of it. Hope we shall soon get settled . . . This evening had a pleasant call from Capt. Breckenridge, Dr. Van Deyn and Mr. Rubicum. Kitty and I think the Capt. very handsome. He reminds me of Thomas. Dr. Van Deyn, Kate and John think, is very much like Albert in looks and manner. I could not see the least resemblance at first, *now* I too notice it.

Wednesday, Nov. 2nd.

Rain, rain. Weather bound have we been this day. Could not go out even if we wished to, but a good day to rest and write and I enjoy both, especially the former.

Thursday, Nov. 3rd.

The ground covered with snow this morning, looks decidedly wintry. Kate feels very blue today, thinks her life in Kansas a hard one, but I tell her to keep up

good courage, and as to her present unsettled ways of housekeeping, charge all to Price.

Friday, Nov. 4th, 1864.

Sunshiny day again, but much mush, and of course miserable walking which prevents our getting out. Wrote to Mrs. Dukes today . . . Capt. Breckenridge, Dr. Van Deyn and Mr. Rubicum called again this evening. Kitty and I do not yet particularly admire the Dr.

Saturday, Nov. 5th, 1864.

Beautiful sunshiny day again, but this horrible mush still prevents our getting out. Mrs. Haynes sent me word today that fifty more wounded had been brought in from the battlefield south of here . . . I feel almost frantic to think I cannot do something for these poor soldiers, but I cannot get over to the hospital and have nothing to make or give. The sanitary stores I have sent for will not, I presume, be here for many weeks and they are so much needed *now*.

Sunday, Nov. 6th.

Beautiful day this has been. The first time I have been able to get out for many days. Picked my way as far as Mrs. Haynes. Went in to see Grace who is sick. Mr. Crawford and Mr. Rubicum called this evening. Wrote a long letter to Miss Mary Brayton today, begging of her to send stores to this Post. Mrs. Haynes also wrote to Mrs. Rouse to send with mine.

Monday, Nov. 7th, 1864.

Kitty and I went down to the restaurant to breakfast this morning. Dr. Van Deyn came over to our table to inquire for Georgie and the rest of the family. Were in hopes it would not rain today, but before noon it clouded up and soon commenced raining and hailing. Have almost given up expecting pleasant sunshiny days again. The streets here are impassible for ladies in

muddy weather, so we consider ourselves prisoners of war (or weather) and content ourselves as best we can indoors. Wrote a letter of sixteen pages to Eliza Wilcox today. Hope she will get time to read it.

Tuesday, Nov. 8th, 1864.

Rain, rain. All night it rained and commenced again this morning. Not able to get out today.

Wednesday, Nov. 9th, 1864.

Weather bound. Still no letters from home today.

Thursday, Nov. 10th, 1864.

Bright sunshiny day once more! Went downtown after breakfast with Kitty and Tommy to do a little shopping that was absolutely necessary to be done but mush! mush! and such walking. Glad enough were we to get home again . . . No calls today. Spent a quiet evening among ourselves . . .

Friday, Nov. 11th, 1864.

Another bright sunshiny day. Called on Grace Hoyle, found her quite sick. The road to the hospital is so bad that did not even attempt to go there . . . Mr. Brown (brother of John Brown) called on us today. He is Sanitary Agent for the state of Kansas. Said he had brought sanitary stores with him. I am so glad they have come for I know they are sadly needed . . . I told him I was so anxious to do something for the sick and wounded in our midst, but it had been impossible for me to get over to the Hospital and it was impossible to get anything in town to take, even if I did go. Everything is in such an unsettled state since the raid . . .

I have done what I could while shut up in the house. Written to Mrs. Mills of St. Louis and Miss Brayton and Eliza Wilcox, Secretaries of Aid Societies in Cleveland and Phila., begging them to send stores to this Post.

But it will take a long time for them to reach this frontier Post.

Saturday, Nov. 12th, 1864.

Beautiful day! Kitty and I took a short morning walk. On returning, found Mr. Brown had been here and left a piece of cotton for us to make into hospital sheets. Went to work immediately and finished them all (fourteen) before dinner. This afternoon returned our calls. This evening Capt. Breckenridge, Dr. Van Deyn and Mr. Brown called. Spent a pleasant evening . . . Capt. and the Dr. are very anxious to board here, are getting desperate. The fare is so miserable at the restaurant . . . much as we pity them, we have to refuse them, as our house is so small can hardly turn around ourselves, especially in our small dining room.

Poor Capt. Breckenridge, so fastidious in his taste, it must be hard for him to be separated from his family and obliged to stay in this uncivilized country. Kate invited them both to dine with us tomorrow.

Sunday, Nov. 13th.

Capt. Breckenridge, Dr. Van Deyn and Mr. Rubicum dined with us today. This afternoon Mrs. Greene and I visited the hospital. Bertie and Nettie went with us. Visited the rebel ward, found several empty cots. Among the missing was the young man who looked so sad. As we came away, found he died the next day. A rebel Capt. who looked the most intelligent of any in the ward called Nettie Greene to him and put a ring on her finger, one he had just made — really quite ingeniously gotten up.

Mr. Crawford called this evening for us to attend church. The preaching from a Cherokee missionary was decidedly not interesting. Humming the hymns before singing seemed quite primitive. Met "Sanitary Brown" at church, said he would give me some books, papers, etc. to distribute in the hospital.

Monday, Nov. 14th.

Went to the hospital this morning with Bertie and Georgie to see Mr. Brown and get paper and books, etc. Had to wait some time in Dr. Van Deyn's office. Met there Chaplain Reynolds. Dr. Slocum gave me materials for filling some 'comfort bags' which I am going to make for the soldiers. Will have to commence soon too, as I have to make a hundred. Mr. Crawford called this evening.

Tuesday, Nov. 15th.

Beautiful day. Went to the store after dinner. Stayed until the stage came in, hoping to get letters. "Long expected come at last" letters from Mother and Kate. Could not realize our situation. Father, they said, on reading John's letter burst into tears. Mr. Gray asked to publish part of it, so expect we shall soon see our names in print.

Wednesday, Nov. 16th.

Another beautiful day! Went to the hospital this morning. Took a box of sugar of lemon to make a drink for a poor soldier in Ward 1 who is mortally wounded, shot yesterday by a drunken comrade . . . While at Grace Hoyle's this morning, heard the salute to Gen. Custer who was just coming in town. Received an invitation about 5 o'clock this P.M. to attend a dance at the Wildes given in honor of Gen. Custer. Rather a short notice but we commenced to prepare for what we supposed would be a grand affair. Mr. Crawford called to offer his services as escort. We found when we got there the party was for Major, the son of Gen. Custer — and he (the Major) was not visible during the whole evening, was so intoxicated that he was obliged to keep his room. This is a great state, this Kansas . . .

Thursday, Nov. 17th, 1864.

Wrote to Kate today. After dinner went down to the store, was weather bound, so had to stay until someone came up to the house for our cloak, rubbers, etc. In the meantime visited with the trio Breckenridge, Van Deyn and Rubicum.

Friday, Nov. 18th, 1864.

Sewed on our new carpet all the morning. In the afternoon called on Grace Hoyle, invited her to spend the day with us tomorrow. Mr. Crawford called this evening, bringing us the latest news, four or five eastern papers. Sheriff Jackson was shot in the street today by some negroes whom he had grossly wronged. He died today, leaves a wife and children.

Saturday, Nov. 19th. Sunday, Nov. 20th.

Quite cold and wintry today. Kate and I went to church this morning. Found doors closed. This afternoon visited the hospital. Distributed books and papers and the "comfort bags." Found in the rebel ward one cot empty, and two soldiers dying. Gave Testament, Independent and Tracts to the rebel Capt., telling him after he had read them to give them to his men . . . Found this same Capt. rather sad and depressed. Hardly recognized him as the same man we conversed with when we first visited this ward. *Then* he seemed determined to brave it, thought his cause was the right one, etc. The suffering around him must have humbled him, I think, for we found none of that proud arrogant manner of talking. No wonder he was sad, for directly opposite his cot were three of his men dying . . . Oh! it was a sad! sad! sight. In Ward No. 7 found one poor soldier dying alone. No one to take his hand or speak a word of sympathy . . . The Ward master told us he had been in that unconscious state for two days, that he did not notice any-

one, etc. This was said when we exclaimed, "How dreadful to be left to die alone." Mrs. Smith went to him and took his hand. How he clung to her, and when she moved away reached out his hand as if he would bring her back . . . he is but sixteen, has a widowed mother in Colorado. Oh! this war, how many broken hearts has it caused. Truly it can be said at this time

"Never morning wore to even
But some heart did break."

Gov. Crawford, Capt. Breckenridge and Mr. Rubicum spent this evening with us and stayed until quite late. In speaking of the murder, etc. to Capt. B, I said, "I think the people that live in this place will enjoy heaven when they get there." He says, "Good joke on heaven, if Ft. Scott goes there." . . .

Sunday, Nov. 27th.

Visited the hospital today with Mrs. Smith, found the wards quite thinned out, as many had been sent to Leavenworth. In the ward in the brick building, found the patients were mostly from the Colorado Regt. Among them was one *new* patient. As I passed his cot, found he had a burning fever. Could hardly speak. No one near him to wait upon him. I gave him a drink of water and bathed his head with cold water. He seemed so grateful, as I left said, "thank you." . . .

Mary Albree Morley

Emma Caroline Morley

What a charming picture she gives of her trip with Cousin Kitty Marshall to nurse the wounded. How extraordinary to think of "Johnny, Bert and Georgie" as my own uncles, and that my mother was born in that frontier town. It somehow doesn't fit into my memories of them, but now let me quote from a little book by C. W. Goodlander entitled the "Early days of Fort Scott". It was published in 1899 and was found with the papers. He paints a very different picture from Aunt Emma's of the life in Fort Scott at that time — far more colorful.

"In the early spring of 1865, just before the close of the war, one of the greatest shows on earth was held in the City Hall. As always, the church people were hard up, and were giving entertainments to raise money. The Episcopal and Catholic churches would have dances to raise money; the Methodists, socials; the Presbyterians decided they did not want a dancing party and hardly knew what they did want. J. R. Morley in those days, was the leader of amusements, so some of the ladies talked to Mr. Morley on the question. "Well" he said; "What do you want"? "Well we don't want a dance, but something different that has a *moral* influence." So Morley agreed to help. The ladies gave him carte blanche to get up a performance. Mr. Morley came to me and said: "Charley, Aunt Jane Smith and the balance of the blue stocking women want an entertainment, and if you will join with me we will see if we can't get them up something they won't forget." So Morley and I went to work and decided to have a combination show — the first part to be a circus and menagerie, — the second part a minstrel and vaudeville, and the after piece a railroad wreck or tragedy. So Morley and I were about ten days making the property for the show, consisting of lion heads, banners, elephant's trunks, imitations of horses, and so forth. The lion head was a huge affair, made

of wire and covered with buffalo skin. Then we picked out all the star performers of the day to help us put the play on the stage. The following were the artists of that memorable performance: J. R. Morley, ringmaster; C. W. Goodlander, clown and lion imitator; Mark Sheffenburg the lion tamer; Jack White, bareback rider; Ken Williams, acrobat. Then in the minstrel and vaudeville were Dave Emmert, Vocalist and fat boy; Ken Williams, ballet dancer; Ben McDonald, (by-the-way, Ben made the ugliest darkey I ever saw); — Charley Clark, negro comedians in the play of "Stocks up and Stocks down". In the railroad wreck George Clark was conductor, and the passengers were composed of some of our prominent citizens, dressed as Dutch, Irish, Italian, negroes and market women, a motley crew it was! I well remember George A. Crawford represented an old country woman with a squalling baby in her arms; Joe Ray was peanut boy; George Clark had prepared the explosion of the engine, and when the wreck occurred everybody thought the house would fall.

This closed the show, which was pronounced a grand success. When all was over the Presbyterian women said to Morley and me: "Well, boys, you did give us a show. It was hardly up to church morals; but we can forgive you for the $700 you put into our treasury, raised without giving a dance, that has corrupt influence on the young." The show was held about the time the rebellion was ending and the town was full of officers, who gave liberally, and everybody felt good over the prospect of the war coming to a close. General Blunt and several other leading officers were present. During the performance we had a boy pulling beer by the bucket full through a window in the dressing room, and some of the performers got quite full, and especially Jack and Dave who formed the front and back legs of the elephant. So when they went

on stage, I, then acting as clown, observed that they were pretty shaky, and looked for something that was not on the bill. When the elephant appeared I introduced the animal by the name of General Blunt. Ringmaster Morley said: "Why do you call him Blunt?" I said: "Because he is a good drinker." This brought the house down, as all knew Blunt's failing. Ken Williams was riding the elephant in regular Hindoo custom. Directly I saw that the animal was getting wobbly and would come to pieces. I said: "Ringmaster, why is the elephant like the Southern Confederacy at the present time?" "I give up" said Ringmaster Morley. I said: "Because it is falling to pieces." Just then Jack and Dave commenced falling on the floor, and the elephant collapsed amidst the roar of the audience. I had covered the hoops, for banners, for the bare back riders to jump through. The cover was made out of the New York Observer, the leading Presbyterian paper of the age, and I would hold them out in plain view to the deacons and deaconesses of the church to see. When I took the part of the lion I had a tight fitting clown suit on, with a huge tail attached and a lion's head over my head, Shaffenburg would put his head in my mouth, and I would growl and he would feed me on old shoes and boots, but with all his caressing and feeding, I go mad and drove him off the stage. When the show was over the actors adjourned down town for refreshments, and made a night of it. We considered this our farewell performance.

During the year of '65 McDonald Hall Block was built south of the Wilder House, the same building now occupied by the Citizen's National Bank and other business houses. The upper floor of that building was one large hall with a stage in one end of it. After this all shows, both amateur and professional, were held in this hall up to the time the opera house was built.

A letter from John R. Morley now living in Saginaw, Michigan telling of one of the shows held in that hall, I here reproduce.

The Beheading of John the Baptist, a tableau intensely original with our company, and which was so well liked that we had to repeat it the following evening. I well remember that we used Walt White's head for that of John the Baptist, his face resembling very much the pictures of that apostle as shown in history. C. F. Drake made the tin helmets, shields and spears and armor for the Roman Soldiers. White was seated under the carpeted stair leading up to the elevated seat occupied by Herod and his family. His head protruding through a hole cut for the purpose and it rested in a large tin (supposed to be silver) platter which had a false bottom fitted close around his neck. White powder rubbed into his face and beef blood sprinkled over it running in small pools over the bottom of the dish. White's head was a terror to behold, nearly causing many of the ladies present to faint. The second night something very amusing occurred. At the last moment we found to our dismay that we had forgotten the bladder of beef blood so we had to take some carmine ink and use it as a substitute for blood. This was an excellent substitute, except the ink, being largely composed of ammonia or some other pungent material, caused something we did not look for. As the curtain went up a spasmodic twitching took place all over White's face, a phenomenon that caused the audience to go wild with delight, for this was just as a head ought to behave, they thought, freshly decapitated. We behind the scenes looked upon the phenomenon in an entirely different light and trembled at the fiasco that threatened us, for White during these contortions managed to whisper "quick, quick, — boys, lower the curtain, I have got to sneeze." Down went the curtain just in time for the explosion of sneezes

that followed. What threatened to be its ruin proved to be the most successful feature of the tableau.

In the summer of 1863, the first Italian musicians made their appearance on the streets of Fort Scott. There was a harpist, violinist, flute and piccolo player. They made the best music we had heard in Fort Scott, and the boys feeling good over hearing the music concluded they would use this band to have some fun. George Clark said: "Charley, what shall we do?" Now for a year or two Roach had kept a pet bear chained in the yard of his house, and we used to have considerable fun playing with the bear. I said: "Clark, let's have a bear parade;" so it was decided that Clark should act as manager, I to be bear tamer and performer, Tom Corbett to lead the bear while marching, Ken Williams, acrobat and cannon ball tosser, Bill Norway, a big Indian. We were all dressed in costume to suit our part in the performance. The bear was no cub, — he weighed over 200 pounds. After getting the Italian band and the performers together we asked Roach for the use of his bear. He granted the request on promise of safe return. About the time we were ready to start there was a great crowd ready to follow, so Clark gave the command to march, and ordered all followers to fall in line. I led the procession looking like a matador at a bull fight; Tom next, leading the bear, then Ken and Bill, then the band, with the procession of citizens behind we made quite an imposing appearance. The idea was to march to different points of interest, especially saloons and give a performance at each of these places to the music of the band. I would waltz and wrestle with the bear to the music, then Ken and Bill would go through with their specialties, and Clark, while the show was going on, would dilate on the virtues of the show and the great expense he had been to to import it from sunny Italy. After each performance the party we visited would set up re-

View of North Main Street in 1865.
From Goodlander Book

freshments — mostly in liquid form. We first went to the Wilder House, next to the different saloons and the officers' headquarters. Mr. Bear all this time appeared to like the fun as well as the boys. After winding up at the officers' quarters I said: "Clark, take us out to John R. Morley's house and give a performance there." Clark said: "What do you want to go there for? There are no liquid refreshments?" I told him, "There are two young ladies,* tenderfeet from Ohio, visiting Mr. Morley, and Jack White and John Dillon are sweet on them. The two boys are out there now, and I think it best to give the girls a taste of frontier amusement." We marched up to Morley's house. The Morley household hearing the music coming were all out on the veranda; we marched into the yard in good order, George introducing us in grand style. Bill led off with the Indian dance, Ken with his performance, leaving me for the great finale. Mr. Bear was in great trim, and I think he, like myself, wanted to show off to the eastern girls, so we entered into our performance with great gusto. First, we waltzed around and around and courtesied to the ladies and then we went to wrestling and tumbling on the ground. About this time, unknown to the audience, Mr. Bear sank his teeth

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*Extract from a letter written in 1937 by J. M. Morley to his sister Emma M. Morley.

In regard to your questions about Aunt Emma Morley and Cousin Kitty — it seems during the Civil War they wanted to enlist as Nurses and Father and Grandfather Morley advised them to come out to Fort Scott and try it first before enlisting as Fort Scott had a Government Hospital. So they came and stayed with us and each one took care of a patient in the Hospital and it so happened that both of them lived and got well. Aunt Emma's patient was shot in both legs and arms. On the survival of the two patients which was a long tedious job they decided to give up Nursing and go into Society. In a short time Aunt Emma fell for one, a Mr. Dillon and Cousin Kitty Marshall for one, a Mr. Jack White — this went on for some time. Mr. Dillon could not marry Aunt Emma for the reason he had some kind of an infirmity and Cousin Kitty Marshall later on married a Mr. Ed Smith a Surveyor.

through my boot into the calf of my leg; but paying no attention to the bite, I finished up the performance and then remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bear has given me information that he is tired of this damned show, and I think we will now retire." I said to Tom, "You lead the bear back to Old Roach," and to Clark and the other performers, "Go with me to Doc. Redfield's." "What for," they said; and I said: "My boot is full of blood, and my leg is sore where the bear bit me." This ended the memorable bear show and parade, which was the talk of the town for a long while.

"By the end of the war Fort Scott had become a town of some 3000 inhabitants. All kinds of business was good. From the time it was made a regular military depot until the fall of 1864 the troops that were here had nothing to do except routine duty at the fort, but there were more or less irregular warfare raids. Between the first Price raid and the last one there was a raid by guerillas from the Indian Country on the town of Marmaton, which was a bad one, as they killed several inhabitants at that time and escaped south after doing their devilish work. Then there was a raid from our Union Forces at Fort Scott on Baxter's store. They killed old man Baxter and robbed his store and carried off his loose property. This killing of Baxter was a cold blooded affair and there was no excuse for it. It was condemned by all, as it was done by the Union forces. There was the guerilla attack on Gen. Blunts troops taking them without warning and killing quite a number of soldiers, among them several officers. The worst and most cruel deed on record was the shooting down of all the innocent German band boys in cold blood. By the time Blunt got his command rallied to defend, the guerillas fled back into Missouri. The guerillas did not get any of the supplies, as they were more for killing than stealing. The Union troops here in camp, for a little recreation used to go foraging in Missouri

now and then. At one time in one of these raids they even brought in a saw mill and at another a bell they had taken from a Campbellite Church over in Missouri. There were court martials going on, men condemned for desertion and murder. I knew of several being drummed out of camp myself by order of the court martial, and that one of the most cold blooded killings that occurred at that time was done by a man named Prazell, who was an officer in a Missouri Union State Militia Company stationed over in Vernon County. He went to the house of August Baker, one of the most substantial farmers of that date, whose farm was east of here just in Missouri beyond the state line. For what cause no one but himself ever knew, but in the presence of Baker's wife, who begged for her husband's life, this man shot Baker to death in cold blood. He was arrested and brought to Fort Scott and was tried by court martial, and as shooting was too good for him, they condemned him to be hung. The scaffold was erected out towards the government corrall about where the Presbyterian Church stands on the prairie. He went to the gallows reading a Bible. This was all the war excitement until the fall of 1864, which was called the second Price raid on Fort Scott." The general marched north to the Missouri River in the eastern part of the state and after considerable maneuvering found himself in Linn County near where the town of Pleasanton now stands and there occurred the Battle of Mine Creek. Price's army was routed and a large number of prisoners taken including several officers and one complete battery of artillery. The prisoners both officers and privates were brought to Fort Scott, also the captured artillery. I remember distinctly seeing the officers under guard standing at the corner of the Wilder House. The privates were put in the block house and stockade and the officers were placed under guard at the Wilder House and held a few days when all, both officers and pri-

vates, were paroled. After the capture of a part of Price's army at Mine Creek the remaining army moved on south with the intention of taking Fort Scott in the retreat, but they were followed so closely by the Union Army that when they got on the hill where the Shinn Farm is now located they could see with a field glass the only ford leading into Fort Scott was well protected with artillery placed on the bluff north east of the Plaza. If they undertook to force the ford with the Union Army in the rear they stood a good show of being captured so they moved east on the north side of the Marmaton and crossed the ford some ten miles east in Missouri and moved south and escaped."

Mr. Goodlander's breezy style is somewhat difficult to follow, but you may gather from it something of what was going on in Fort Scott while Aunt Emma was on the prairie.

This also must have been a very rugged life for my grandmother Morley. She did survive Fort Scott but as far as my memory goes, she was never a very rugged person. She had asthma, and an oxygen tent and trained nurse were always within call. I don't know much about her until her marriage. Her mother was a Bidwell and came from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There is a street in Pittsburgh named for the family and they had a Scotch maid whose nephew came to call on her each Sunday. The only reason this has stuck in my mind was that the nephew was named Andrew Carnegie and no doubt set his aunt up in better style before too long. I also know that her father* was in some business that took him to New Orleans in 1840. She accompanied her father and mother on this trip. She was ten years old at this time. Her mother who unfortunately contracted typhoid on the trip died a year later. I reproduce her diary here, as I think it is interesting.

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*Mr. McVay.

DIARY OF
CATHERINE WILLIAMS BIDWELL McVAY

Trip to New Orleans

November 1840 — April 1841

Nov. 25th 1840

Left Pittsburgh on the steamer "Iris," Alpheus Martin Captain, bound for New Orleans, but few passengers, only three ladies, one of whom Miss E. Beltzhoover returning from a visit to her friends in Pittsburgh and Wheeling to her mother's residence in Natchez. Thirty miles down we are obliged to lay by on account of a snow storm, it is very cold.

Nov. 26th.

Reached Wellsville this morning where the boat is receiving the balance of her load. Three ladies came on here, two for Wellsburg, and the other Miss R. (The Captains intended) for Guthries landing. Could not see any of our friends at Wellsburg as the boat did not stop long enough. Reached Wheeling in the evening about eight o'clock, snowing very fast, did not go off the boat. More passengers came on here but not any ladies.

Nov. 27th.

Landed at Marietta about daybreak, snowing had ceased but it is very cold. Am much pleased with this place, the houses and improvements look well, have no doubt it is a pleasant place to reside, especially in the summer. This evening Miss R. from Wellsville left us at Guthries landing. The Captain's regret, at leaving her to be gone so long affords us much amusement.

Nov. 28th.

Portsmouth where we landed about 9 o'clock is a lively and pretty looking town. The steamer "Ken-

tucky" is here taking on a load of flour for New Orleans. The wharf here is good and a credit to the place. The merchants here have a businesslike appearance. The day is very pleasant.

Nov. 29th. Sunday.

This morning landed at Cincinnati, the "Queen of the West". My expectations with regard to this city are fully realized it looks clean and neat, the streets thronged with well dressed persons going to their different places of worship. We invited some of the passengers and officers of the boat to go with us to the "Disciples" meeting house in Sycamore Street, heard Mr. Challen deliver an excellent discourse to a large and respectable congregation. The house is large, comfortable and well finished. On returning to the boat we were surprised to see boats discharging and receiving freight and drays bringing it to and taking it from the wharf.

Towards evening looking out we saw the wharf covered with people, apparently much excited, on enquiring were informed that a deck-hand on one of the boats had murdered a drunken wretch who attempted to go on the boat. For some time, he concealed himself about the boat but when about to be taken, jumped into a yawl and made for the Kentucky side of the river, being pursued, and discovering he would be taken turned and landed near our boat, threatening to kill any one who would approach him, but was immediately taken and sent to Prison. This day is very pleasant, we do not need any fire, have our doors and windows open.

Nov. 30th. Monday

This morning discharging and taking in some freight, Mr. McVay* is very busy arranging his business so as to leave with as little delay as possible. One o'clock finds ourselves under way. The wind is blowing and waves running high. Mr. McVay informs me,

*her husband and my great grandfather.

that the boat is loaded so heavily it will be necessary to land, (for fear of sinking) until the wind falls, we will start again at sundown. The river very rough.

Dec. 1st.

This noon we came to Louisville the appearance of which I am not as well pleased with as Cincinnati. Went up into the city, the stores are not very elegant except one Raphaels where they have velvet cloaks cut short with hoods — price 90 dollars.

Mr. McVay not being able to close his business before night had to be out until 10 o'clock, was told by Mr. Fitter (a merchant of the place) that it is not prudent for strangers who might be suspected of having money, to go through the streets alone at night, and very kindly offered to accompany him, if he had not done so, I was determined to have the Captain go and stay with him.

Dec. 2nd.

This morning left Louisville, saw the Falls and heard them roar. Came down into the Canal which is a magnificent piece of Architecture, poor Hinman I cannot avoid thinking of him. All around and about this Canal looks suspicious and dismal.

Mr. McVay having some business at New Albany (two miles from here), went down to the railroad and crossed over, while we were going through the Canal. Have just stopped at New Albany which is quite a pretty place, to have Mr. McVay come on board.

Dec. 3rd.

Snowing and very cold, the country looks poor, with here and there a *little* "log cabin," without any joking.

At Rockport, Mrs. Britton (a lady who came on at Parkersburg) left us, it being the place of her des-

Only picture of my grandmother
CATHERINE BIDWELL MCVAY
Taken in 1898 with my mother and me

tination. I regretted to have her leave us. I have become very attached to her, and will not soon forget her.

Dec. 4th.

Still snowing. Miss Beltzhoover and I have concluded to sew hard to prevent the weather and miserable looking huts along on the shore making us homesick.

Have passed Evansville and Shawneetown, the latter said to be a very unhealthy place, by a family we took on there.

Dec. 5th.

Landed at Smithland last night, was too stormy to run, continues cold, ice frozen on the wheels and guards of the boat. At dusk reached the mouth of the Ohio.

The snow here said to be from 12 to 18 inches deep which is very unusual here, I feel very much for some of the families that get off the boat here in the snow and mud, some of them very poor, gave them money to pay their lodgings &c.

Dec. 6th. Sunday.

After a clear, cold, moonlight night, we find ourselves this morning ninety miles down the famous Mississippi, the shores still look dreary but the sun shines which makes it look more pleasant. This afternoon we passed the steamer "Elby" lying sunk, having run on a snag, the top of the boat only above the water.

Dec. 7th.

Arrived at Memphis about noon quite a number of passengers came on board some of which are Horse-racers, who brought on their racehorses, which the Captain had put on deck and after guards. The boat is now full of Cabin and Deck passengers, which with the horses makes a lively time. Just as the boat was leaving the wharf, there was a cry of "runaway negro

on board" so had to stop, and search was commenced, they soon found him hid among the wood, Mr. McVay discovered one of the Horse-racers had enticed him away from his master and no doubt intended to take him to New Orleans and sell him. Mr. McVay however, was determined he should, however, be put on shore, (as they could have fined the boat, if taken away). He seemed so much taken with his new master, as he called him that he pleaded hard to stay, but was told if he did not immediately get into the yawl, he would be thrown overboard, so he went off very reluctantly, his old father was *"mighty"* glad to get him on land and his master gave him a severe kicking before us all. The weather is now pleasant and not any snow.

Dec. 8th

Getting along very well, have just put on shore four men (in the woods literally) who are on a hunting expedition, have their guns, knives, flour and coffee pot, etc., they are going to encamp out. I presume no one envies them their enjoyment, I know I dont. Continues pleasant and warm.

Dec. 9th.

Very foggy, the houses begin to look a little better, we see some plantations with a tolerable cottage, and several negro huts in a row on nearly all the plantations, which the folks down here call "negro quarters". Saw cotton fields. Had to stop about sundown, too foggy to run, some of the gentlemen passengers went to Lake Providence and saw wild geese in abundance, Mr. Moore . . .

(*Diary torn here*)

Dec. 10th.

. . . by Capt. Gray and Mr. Graham the Clerk, Mr. Moore gave me a bunch of wild flowers, we are sitting with the windows open. Reached Vicksburg this evening, where the boat stopped about an hour. Miss

Beltzhoover and myself went up to see the place, was not well pleased with it.

Dec. 11th.

Today arrived at Natchez, and had to loose Miss B. while the boat was discharging . . . (*Diary torn*)

Dec. 12th.

The appearance of the Country still improves, large Sugar and Cotton plantations on both sides of the river on many of which are splendid Mansions the residences of the Planters, a short distance from which are the Overseer's houses which generally stand at one end of the "negro quarters" which are in two rows, about the width of a street between them, with trees in front and where they are well built and painted or whitewashed look comfortable. Today while the boat was taking on Cotton several of us, went to see a "sugar mill" found the owner very kind, he showed us and explained the process of making sugar from the cane going in at the outside of the building, to the sugar in the Hogshead and molasses in the Vats, which may be well enough to remark cannot be very clean, as the "niggers" big and little, old and young, men and wenches tramp over the floor above it with clean or dirty feet, just as it happens, spitting, blowing noses, scratching heads, &c, &c, but I must confess I did not see any little "nigger" drown in the molasses as I have heard they sometimes do. The planter said he had made three hundred and eighty hogsheads, and would probably make one hundred more this year. Had forty slaves employed at the mill.

Dec. 13th. Sunday evening.

Last night about eleven o'clock we landed at the plantation of A. B. Roman, Governor of the State, left two hundred barrels to be filled with molasses. Was again much delighted to-day with the appearance of the

plantations on each side of the river, beautiful houses and enclosures tastily laid off, very often an orange grove from the gate (which is near the river) back to the house, saw plenty of oranges on the trees, which by the bye are not good to eat, they having to depend on importations for all they eat, as well as us.

Arrived at the far famed "Crescent City" this evening, all in good health after a tedious voyage of eighteen days, and more tedious to us, than the other passengers, on account of Mr. McVay's anxiety which caused him to stand on the hurricane roof, a part of every night, looking out for snags, in order if possible to get down safely not having boat or cargo insured. Have just had time to enquire, and much disappointed, at not receiving any letters from home.

Dec. 14th.

A great many steam boats, ships &c, &c, laying at this wharf, or "levee" as they call it here, from appearances this must be a City of immense business.

Mr. McVay busy discharging our Cargo, I will not therefore get up into the City to-day.

Dec. 15th.

The weather about as warm as May at home, did not go out today.

Dec. 16th.

This day received a letter from J. C. B. on the "Edward Shippen" the "Montezuma" just arrived no letters from home, which seems strange.

Dec. 17th.

The weather changed last night, to-day is *cold*, have been unwell all day, Mr. McVay is busy getting a load for the "Montezuma" says he will buy Logwood & Sugar, enough to complete his load.

Dec. 18th.

The weather continues cold, have been sitting by a fire in the cabin all day. Am rather better than yesterday. Another letter from J. C. B. this morning informing us "all well at home."

Dec. 19th.

Cold and damp.

Dec. 20th. Sunday.

Has become colder still raining and blowing, the "Montezuma" just leaving for home. Wish we were ready to go on her, steam boats are receiving and discharging freight about the same as other days. Stores as far as I can see are generally open the Levee covered with drays hauling cotton &c. We have all remained on our little "Iris" all day, being too unpleasant to go to meeting.

Dec. 21st.

Mr. McVay finds it will not be practible to get a load for the "Iris" to any place that will enable her to make anything and has concluded to lay her up for a few days, we will remain on her as we are more comfortably situated here than we would be in a Hotel. Had a visit from Mr. Cunningham, who married Miss Chaney Willson formerly near Clayville, he is now a widower, and engaged in business here.

Dec. 22nd.

Some warmer today am quite unwell again, these changes in the weather I dislike exceedingly.

Dec. 23rd.

Mr. McVay left this morning for Mobile, a great many steam boats arriving and departing. Mr. Hadden has called several times, expresses much anxiety for the weather to become pleasant, so that he can take us

around to see the City. Should have noticed the "Oronoko" arrived yesterday from Cincinnati, loaded down to the guard.

Dec. 24th.

Rachael Hammond called today, to see me, and enquire about Sarah and John, says she is chambermaid on the "Leander" looks well.

Dec. 25th. Christmas Day.

Presume there is quite a stir up in the city, we cannot see much of it here on the Levee.

Dec. 26th.

Mr. & Mrs. Brewer arrived today on the "Monongahala" called on me this evening, it would require one to be placed in similar circumstances to imagine how much I was pleased to see them and hear from home, no letters however.

Dec. 27th. Sunday.

Mr. Brewer and Mr. Holmes called this morning to take me to Church, but I was in bed, with a sick headache, as usual. Mr. McVay came back from Mobile this noon, looking as though he had neither slept or ate any since he left here, he had a very rough passage and was very seasick. Called this evening to see Mr. & Mrs. Brewer on the "Monongahala" a splendid boat.

Dec. 28th.

The weather warm and pleasant, have had two walks up in the City. Will say what I think of it hereafter.

Dec. 29th.

"Emperor" arrived this evening so much covered with cotton bales, we could not see much of the boat, three or four boats similarly loaded come in every day.

Dr. John R. McCall called to see us this evening, is now 11 o'clock and he is still talking about his friend, *so* and *so*, having made "thousands", also about "swelled heads" and "big buts". Oh how disagreeable!! I wish he would go home, I know Mr. McVay is tired of him.

Dec. 30th.

Mr. McVay is very cast down and discouraged with the poor prospect of his boats making anything this season. Has concluded after consultation with Captain Poyles of the "Oronoko" to discharge her crew, and lay her up for two or three weeks until freight and passengers are more plenty. He informs me after examining the books and affairs of the "Emperor" that she has not yet made enough to pay for her repairs.

Dec. 31st.

Mr. McVay has concluded to load the "Iris" for Yazoo City & Williams Landing on the Yazoo River. We will go up on her, as he wants to see what is the prospect for running the "Iris" in that river this winter.

Jan. 1st.

Our boat is nearly freighted for Yazoo river. The weather very warm and pleasant. I wish I could see my children enjoying New Years day.

Jan. 2nd.

Mr. McVay has concluded for us to leave here on the "Emperor" which leaves here this evening for Columbia, Arkansas. We will go as far as Vicksburg on her as that will enable him to do some business before the "Iris" gets there.

Jan. 3rd.

On our way on the "Emperor" to Vicksburg. This is the largest boat I ever saw.

Jan. 4th.

Still on our way to Vicksburg. Mr. McVay busy looking over the books of the boat, and consulting with Captain Auter about the best course to pursue with her. Stopped at the plantation of Maj. McCaleb today and bought one hundred barrels of molasses and arranged to sell his sugar and molasses for him in the future.

Jan. 5th.

Arrived at Vicksburg this morning — before daylight, raining and Oh! the mud, mud in every direction, found it would not do to attempt to get to the Hotel without a carriage — got one after some difficulty. The driver wanted to charge us $5 for taking us only one square. When we reached the public house ("Childre's Hotel") were shown into a parlor without a window. Only think of a parlor without a window!! But really I do not wonder so much at it here. After sitting in the parlor a few moments, a poor disconsolate looking negro woman told us "room is ready and warm" so we followed her through hall after hall, without carpet or chair until we reached the "ready room" thinks I "ready" it is ready for a cleaning, candidly I do not think it has seen a brush or scrub cloth since it was built, but we can probably *stay* in it one or two days.

Jan. 6th.

Was much pleased to see the little "Iris" coming up the river this morning, after breakfast we joyfully put our baggage in readiness to leave this filthy place, and was on the boat by eleven o'clock, and at three, on our way up the Yazoo river.

Jan. 7th.

This morning find ourselves at Yazoo City, one hundred miles from Vicksburg, here too, it is too muddy to go ashore, therefore will not have an opportunity

of seeing the City, but hear it contains 1500 inhabitants, is a new place, and said to be unhealthy.

Jan. 8th.

After leaving Yazoo City, we came as far as this place (the mouth of Tchula Lake) where we were obliged to stop for the night, it being too dark to run. When we stopped the cabin boys commenced fishing and in about an hour had caught ten or twelve, one would weigh nearly one hundred pounds, this morning we had a fine breakfast of fish cooked in a variety of ways so as to please all, have about twenty passengers. This is the most wilderness looking country I have ever seen — for nearly thirty miles or more we do not see a house, however small. Frequently see Indians coming through the cane breaks with venison and wild turkeys and on their backs, beckoning to us, to buy from them. Again see others climbing up trees leaning over the bank of the river so as to get a good look at the boat as it passes.

Jan. 9th.

Raining and cold. This morning at "Williams Landing" our place of destination. A dreary looking place it is, only about a half dozen frame houses in the wood. It continues to rain. Our boat discharging her cargo, intending to start back tonight.

Jan. 10th. Sunday.

Had to lay by last night, too dark to run, saw some Indians on the bank, almost naked, shivering with the cold. The river had raised considerable, and is still rising, which makes a strong current, the current being so strong, and the bends in the river so short, we entertain serious difficulty in getting the boat down with safety, sometimes, forced against the shores then against the trees. Passed the steamer "Home" sunken, nothing but the hurricane roof to be seen.

Jan. 11th.

Still on our way down the Yazoo river, have been nearly out of provisions the last two days, have had *pork* and beans and by way of variety beans and *pork.* This afternoon we are near the mouth of the river, and now, see the sun for the first time since we have been on this river.

Jan. 12th.

Vicksburg again, arrived here last evening, Mr. McVay has concluded to have the "Iris" remain here until the "Emperor" returns from N. Orleans and brings the balance of a load for her to Pittsburgh. I remain on the boat while Mr. McVay will go to Jackson the capitol of this state, about six miles in the interior, to which there is a rail road from here.

Jan. 13th.

Mr. McVay returned from Jackson thinks it a pretty place. The Legislature is in session there. The Capitol is a splendid building. The Hotels are very inferior, and much crowded, he was put in a room with half a dozen gamblers, they played for money all night.

Jan. 14th.

Mr. McVay has gone to Grand Gulf which is fifty miles below here. R. Talbot came down today on the steamer "Breakwater" called to see me, could not stay long, what a pity!!

Jan. 15th.

Packing up to leave here, for New Orleans as soon as Mr. McVay returns from Grand Gulf.

Jan. 16th.

Mr. McVay returned last evening. We are about to leave the charming little "Iris" to go on the "Baton Rouge" to N. O. without having set my foot on shore at

this place. Oh how I despise this City. Captain Martin cannot keep his face straight he is so much pleased with the idea of starting for home, rain, rain, rain.

Jan. 17th. Sunday.

On our way to New Orleans, raining and snowing. A lady on board the very image of Miss Breckminster, and a picture hanging up just like Mrs. Bagalay.

Jan. 18th.

New Orleans again, arrived here this evening found the "Czar" here raising steam for Pittsburgh without any load — Mr. McVay says it will be necessary to turn round and go back on her as far as Vicksburg, in order to get some molasses on the coast, and cotton at G. Gulf to make a load.

Jan. 19th.

Left N. O. about ten o'clock last night. On our way up — raining and cold, took on board at the plantation of Governor Roman one hundred and fifty barrels of molasses. Mr. McVay borrowed a horse and rode six miles through the rain to another plantation while the men were taking on the molasses.

Jan. 20th.

Continues to rain. The number of our passengers increasing as we pass plantations along the river. Mr. McVay busy looking over the books of the boat, balancing &c, &c, is not pleased with the management of Captain Gray.

Jan. 21st.

Continue on our way up without interruption only from drift logs which are coming down very thick and endanger the boat.

Jan. 22nd.

At Grand Gulf — where we arrived about midnight, have taken on board between four and five

hundred bales of cotton, this is quite a pretty place. Here a queer looking man came on the boat who had never shaved or had his hair cut, his beard hung down on his bosom and his hair was wrapped with white ribbon and hung down his back.

Jan. 23rd.

Vicksburg. Here we are again, and obliged to go to the same dirty Hotel, it being the best in the City, our room is a little better than the one we had before. Mr. McVay had concluded to leave Catherine* and me here and go to Jackson again. He is anxious to get if possible Warehouse and lot from Dr. J. R. McCall in this place, on a/c.

Mr. Bagalay came down today on the "Pennsylvania" called to see us, and give us the news from home.

Jan. 24th. Sunday.

A lonesome day too muddy to go to meeting.

Jan. 25th.

Another lonesome day.

Jan. 26th.

Mr. McVay has returned from Jackson this evening.

Jan. 27th.

After breakfast we got ready to leave on this boat (the "Sultana") for New Orleans, I would much rather go up stream. We could not get a carriage, wagon or even a cart to bring us down through the *mud* to the boat, sent our baggage on a dray, and made out ourselves to find one place where we could wade through the mud to the river, where we got Franklin Talbot to take us in his skiff to the boat. Some ladies came down on horseback, others waded through the mud with

*my grandmother

mens boots on. I noticed one, a young bride (brought down by Mr. Frazier formerly Cashier of one of the N. O. Banks, but now acting assignee of the Vicksburg Railroad Bank) who was literally drabbled with mud to her knees. I never saw such a spectacle! I am told the dray men here will not haul a load at this time for less than $1. The few carriages they ever had in this place for hire, have all been broken by upsetting. Such a salutation for a stranger in a city in a rainy season!!

Jan. 28th.

Reached Natchez this afternoon, now crowded with passengers, a number of most genteel looking ladies I have yet seen in the south. Dr. Duncan's daughters, Mrs. Linton and her daughters, Mrs. Holmes and his daughter, the last from near Boston, who is traveling as the Agent of the American Bible Society.

Jan. 29th.

New Orleans. Arrived here this afternoon. The "Oronoko" starts this evening for Pittsburgh. Mr. McVay having engaged a load for her on the coast and at Grant Gulf. The "Emperor" is discharging a load of Cotton, we are now on her again. Some business letters from home, (saying all well).

Jan. 30th.

Raining, cannot go ashore.

Jan. 31st. Sunday.

A pleasant day. We started to go to meeting, got part of the way and found we would have to turn back it is so muddy.

Feb. 1st.

This evening the "Emperor" starts for Columbia, Arkansas, for another load of Cotton, and we go on her. Mr. McVay has a long face, and "lots" of trouble in his business.

Feb. 2nd.

We have a number of planters on board, with their families, they ship their cotton on this boat and come down to buy such things as they need or as they say "lay in supplies". They are all quite merry as they come, but once a year they must then make a frolic of it. One planter who is his wife's seventh husband is the most profane man I ever met with (his name is Dr. Lawson) his daughter by a former wife is with them a very rude, ill behaved girl. I never saw such an exhibition of temper in a female in my life as she showed this evening — Oh the effect of slavery!!

Feb. 3rd.

Raining and unpleasant.

Feb. 4th.

Nothing occurred today of interest. Have passed up and down so often that I cannot feel any interest in the scenery, except "Ellis Cliffs" which we pass today. I always go out to look at and admire them, they are splendid. Our boat runs slow, having a schooner and brig in tow.

Feb. 5th.

Mr. McVay got off at Vicksburg to attend to his business there and to go again to Jackson.

Feb. 6th.

This evening our boat turns round to take on her load of cotton as we go down. A planter and his lady have just come on board to go to Natchez, having succeeded in effecting a sale of the plantation which they have been endeavoring to sell for some time past, being apprehensive that ere long it will all fall, or cave into the river — several acres slid in this season, carrying in three of their slaves who were drowned. I will here remark that many plantations are of but little

value on the Mississippi river, on account of the banks washing away and caving in so. The channel of this river is continually changing.

Feb. 7th. Sunday.

Quite cool. From every appearance we will now have dry weather — after having rain with but little intermission for about six weeks.

Feb. 8th.

Captain Auter says cotton is scarce, is fearful he will not get a load.

Feb. 9th.

This day received a large quantity of Cotton — One planter Mr. Purvis shipped four hundred bales and is on board with his lady — they were brought up in Edinburgh, Scotland. Am much pleased with them — understand by them, they are very much embarrassed, but *honorable,* are determined to pay all their debts; then leave the Country. It is but seldom in this Country we meet with a man who is involved, that ever intends to pay, or seems to care, anything about his debts. We have another planter on board, Major Miliken of "Milikens Bend" he is said to be very wealthy, I am told weighs over three hundred, is so large that he can scarcely walk, and has a large mahogany chair covered with hair cloth which he always takes with him, go where he will. He is like most other planters I have seen, profane, gets drunk, smokes and plays cards, boast of their courage in shooting, drinking &c make sport of religion and religious people.

Feb. 10th.

Back to Vicksburg *again* where we find Mr. McVay who has returned from Jackson, the boat remains here waiting for a small boat load of cotton out of the Talehatche river.

Feb. 11th.

A number of passengers came on this evening, among whom, a Mrs. Moore an old fidgety widow, between 60 and 70 years. of age, with more airs and jewelry than looks prudent, to say the least of it. Her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Harrison, is with her going to see her sick husband in New Orleans, a very vain thoughtless woman; she and her mother played cards until midnight with two gentlemen.

Feb. 12th.

On our way to New Orleans.

Feb. 13th.

Our Captain says we will reach N. Orleans tonight; nothing of interest has occurred the last two days.

Feb. 14th. Sunday.

New Orleans. Arrived here last night. Was led by curiosity to visit the French Market where we saw every variety of meats and vegetables, including Crabs, Shrimps, Turtles, queer looking birds, Animals, &c, &c, Fruits, Dry goods, Groceries, Coon & Rabbit skins, (the latter brought to sell by the negroes), saw several squaws sitting with their papooses on the ground trying to sell roots, barks and baskets; a greater variety or more crowded place, I never saw, the markets are all better supplied in this place on Sunday than any other day. From the market house we went to the Old Cathedral which is near it. The stores in this vicinity are all open and apparently as much business doing as on any other day. The Cathedral is a large building very old style, looks rough and dirty. I was told it was built by the Spaniards. The aisles are wide; paved with brick, and filled with whites and blacks kneeling and counting their beads, while the seats are occupied by the better dressed and more genteel. We remained but a short time and came away disgusted with such super-

stition. Have heard a discourse in the Presbyterian Meeting house; the congregation was not large, but very respectable looking; the house is neat and well finished. The evening went to the Methodist Meeting house which is larger than the Presbyterian. A very good house but not well finished.

Feb. 15th.

Mr. McVay being busy, I accepted an invitation from R. T. to go with him and his cousin a young lady from Vicksburg to see the St. Louis Ballroom. It is 120 feet long, five splendid Chandeliers, twenty large mirrors &c, &c. This is where they have their masquerade balls. Went to see the State House and other public buildings, for particulars of which and the City generally, see the City Directory (which I have obtained).

Feb. 16th.

Called on Mrs. Brewer at the St. Charles Exchange, a great display of fashion in the parlor. Mr. Holmes who I have before mentioned as the General Agent of the A. B. S. and his daughter there. Thinks I "this is the wrong place for you."

Feb. 17th.

Left the "Emperor" this afternoon and have a very comfortable room in the Louisiana Hotel where we board for $10 a week for each of us and have as good accommodations as at the St. Charles.

Feb. 18th.

The weather very pleasant did not go out today.

Feb. 19th.

Took a walk with the Landlady saw many pleasant residences and genteel looking ladies.

Feb. 20th.

The "Emperor" is to leave today for Louisville — having been disappointed in a load for St. Louis — Dined on the "Emperor" and went shopping with Mrs. Auter — tired out completely.

Feb. 21st. Sunday.

At ten o'clock went to the new Cathedral. The first time they have had worship in it: is the best house of worship in the City; built with much taste, who should occupy the seat before us but that old widow Moore, of whom I have spoken, her grey hair covered with a wig, curled down her neck like a girl of fifteen. A little lawn bonnet stuck on the back of her head, without any cap and all her jewelry put on to be seen to the best advantage. I *guess* she is looking out for another husband.

Feb. 21st.

But few persons go to any place of worship here; it is a great day for Military Parade, Horse races and other amusements. The grog shops are all open and in passing them hear and see card and billiard playing, and all manner of carousing. The Theatres are all open and the most attractive plays are played Sunday evenings. This evening we heard a very good address in the Presbyterian Meeting House.

Feb. 22nd.

Mr. McVay left this morning for Mobile and Montgomery, Ala. expects to be gone a week. Washington's birthday, a great day here.

Feb. 23rd.

This is a holiday, called "Madigras" all I could ascertain as to its meaning is that it is the last day before Lent, and the Catholics set out for a *real frolic,* by dressing themselves in the most ludicrous manner,

it is said none but men form the procession, but more than half were dressed like women, some like an old woman of a hundred, some like a young blushing bride, some like squaws, some like sailors, some like a monkey, one like a bear, one like a buffalo, one stuck over with chicken feathers (literally) with a mask like a chickens bill, "lots" dressed and behaved like the *duece* altogether it was a queer looking procession, such as civilized people cannot imagine. I see it is spelled "Marda Gras".

Feb. 24th.

Took tea on the "Monongahala" with Mr. & Mrs. Brewer, they leave in the morning for home. Wish *I* could say that.

Feb. 25th.

Catherine and I took a long, long walk, by ourselves.

Feb. 26th.

Have become acquainted with the ladies who are boarding here they have all called on me, Mrs. Quick, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Palms &c, &c, spent this afternoon in Mrs. Q.'s room.

Feb. 27th.

Mrs. Q. & Mrs. Palms spent the afternoon with me in my room.

Feb. 28th.

Sunday and the last day of this month. Was invited by Mrs. B. to go with her to Church but declined going. Catherine and I spent the day reading, in our room.

March 1st.

Very warm and pleasant.

March 2nd.

Mr. McVay returned this morning having been at Montgomery 400 miles up the Alabama river above Mobile; had a tremendous storm in the Gulf and on Lake Ponchartrain. The steamer "Lady of the Lake" on which he came, being very near lost in the gale.

March 3rd.

Spent this afternoon with Mrs. Quick she is a smart little black eyed woman, very good company, related an original anecdote which amused me much. "Before she was married, a gentleman with a very red head wished to visit her, one evening he insisted on her eating a "filipene" with him, she at first refused, then consented she won it, he sent her a smoked herring intending to send her a handsome present afterwards; next morning she sent him a note saying she had received his *Miniature* which she "thought very good except the colour of the head which is not quite as *red* as the original." P.S. If you cannot take a joke you should not give one." They were both offended he did not soon hear the last of his *herring miniature*.

This evening our boarders can talk of nothing but the arrival of Fanny Ellsler the celebrated "danseuse" (she arrived yesterday on the steam ship "Natchez" from Havana). I would suppose from what I see and hear she has turned the heads of almost the entire population of the place, scarcely anything but her person and performances is talked of, all seem anxious to see her dance at any expense. So great is the rush for seats, the first night of her performance that the manager of the Theatre has put the seats up at Auction, and has sold them at from five to six and even eight dollars each for one night! She is called by many the "Divine Fanny". How wicked and offensive; I am so much disgusted, I dislike to hear her name mentioned.

March 4th.

Very warm and pleasant, much talk about the boarders about the Inauguration of General Harrison. Many have gone from this City to be present. Quite a stir here. Fire companies are all out in procession make a splendid show with their banners &c, &c. One of the Engines is drawn by an Elephant.

March 5th.

Raining and cool. Mr. McVay has gone up the coast to buy sugar and expects to return tomorrow.

March 6th.

Continues to rain, remained all day in our room.

March 7th. Sunday.

Quite a pleasant day — remained in our room nearly all day, in the evening took a walk to the Waterworks and suburbs of the City — and at night to the Presbyterian Meeting.

March 8th.

Mr. McVay has his business all closed, and is ready to leave for *home*. We are now waiting for the "Oronoko". Look for her today without fail.

March 9th.

Very much disappointed by the "Oronoko" not coming.

March 10th.

The "Oronoko" is here and discharging her Cargo.

March 11th.

Left the Hotel and came down to the "Oronoko."

March 12th.

This morning took a walk to the Old French Cemetery. Mr. McVay so busy with the affairs of the boat I

cannot prevail on him to go and buy shrubbery &c, &c. I have a sick headache, expect to leave for home tomorrow — *Delightful idea.*

March 13th.

Expecting all day to leave, but disappointed, will not get away till tomorrow.

March 14th. Sunday.

10 o'clock leaving shore. Good-bye New Orleans, I never want to see thee again.

March 15th.

Have been detained at the plantation of a French Planter (Mr. Dusco) taking in sugar bought by Mr. McVay, and now at the plantation of another Frenchman taking in molasses. From what I have seen and heard feel warranted in saying that the French planters are much more inhuman, and unfeeling in the treatment of their slaves, than the American. They do not clothe or feed them as well, make them work from four o'clock in the morning till dark, allowing them but a short time to eat their rations, which are very scanty, consisting of nothing but corn pounded like hominy, occasionally a small slice of pork and such greens as they can gather a considerable part of the year, do not rest on Sunday, but have to work the same as on other days. Many of them when they *do* get a Sunday rest spend it in catching drift wood and cutting it to sell to the steam boats. When they ought to be sleeping they are on the bank of the river with fires kindled to attract the attention of steamboat Captains to sell their wood to them, with the money they get such little notions as they want. Have seen some of the poor creatures who, I suppose have done wrong, with great iron rings around their necks to which were attached a large chain wrapped around their bodies while at work through the day and with which they are confined

at night. Some twenty or thirty of them were engaged hauling down the sugar. I never saw any poor creatures so well pleased as when Mr. McVay after dinner told our cooks to give them the cold victuals, they appointed one of their number to divide it off, laying each mans portion on a log; when fairly divided, commenced eating and said they had not had as fine a meal for a long time, said they would not forget him, but would make good sugar and hogshead for him.

Nearly all of them swear, are ignorant and degraded, know but little of a Supreme Being, many of them never hear preaching, others belonging to American masters and a few of the French, seem contented and happy. (Indeed they are better off than the free negroes) are much attached to their masters and master's families, have seen them when their master or any of his family have been leaving to come on the boat, gather round on the bank, some in tears, to bid him good-bye.

March 16th.

At another plantation, belonging to an American planter below Bayou Plaqumine, taking in more sugar. There the slaves are well treated, speak in the highest terms of their master, say he goes to New Orleans and buys them Coffee, Tea, Rice, &c, &c, say they always have plenty to eat and wear.

March 17th.

Continue on our way up, our boat runs slow having a heavy load.

March 18th.

At Vicksburg for the last time I hope. Mr. McVay says it will be necessary for him to remain here and overtake us in a day or two.

March 19th.

A very pleasant day, have on board only about twenty passengers, Mr. Whitaker, Mrs. Martins brother-in-law is among the number.

March 20th.

Met the "Emperor" about sundown, Captain Auter enquired for Mr. McVay, but did not stop.

March 21st. Sunday.

Just above the mouth of the Arkansas, wooding before a very genteel looking house; have run all day and not seen another house, all small huts in the woods, where wood choppers live.

March 22nd.

This morning when I arose the boat was just leaving Helena, a dreary looking place.

March 23rd.

Passed Memphis before daylight, the country still presents a wilderness appearance.

March 24th.

This morning the steamer "Edward Shippen" overtook us, with Mr. McVay on board.

March 25th.

This morning reached Cairo which is situated at the junction of Ohio & Mississippi rivers, and contains about twenty houses, one Engine shop, and a few other shops. When the rivers are high it overflows. It is said to belong to some European and American Capitalists, who are determined to make it a City of consequence, they have a great many hands employed throwing up the levee all around it, if they can succeed in preventing its being overflowed it will ere long no doubt be a pretty place, and of considerable importance, but I fear from its location will always be unhealthy.

March 26th.

While the boat was on the Mississippi Catherine's father bought her a pair of Parakeats, this morning they fell overboard.

March 27th.

Last evening our boat stopped at Evansville, quite a pretty place, and discharged eighty hogsheads of sugar, now we will be able to run faster.

March 28th. Sunday.

Expect to reach Louisville today.

March 29th.

Arrived at Shippensport, at the foot of the Falls yesterday afternoon. Our Captain concluded the river was high enough to run the boat up over them. I was frightened at the idea and pleaded hard to get off. I was laughed at for my fears so made a virtue of necessity, composed myself to see the beauties of the surrounding scenery. There proved to be water enough to let our boat over safely, but the current so strong we were about three hours getting up. We landed at Louisville about dark and much disappointed at not finding any boat ready to leave for Pittsburgh.

This morning Mr. McVay thought it would be best to take the Mail Boat for Cincinnati, indulging the hope of finding one of the boats that left here yesterday for Pittsburg. Twelve o'clock, now under way for Cincinnatti on the "Pike" the fastest running boat I have been on this winter. O! how I wish she was bound for Pittsburgh.

March 30th.

Cincinnatti. Arrived here about two o'clock this morning, find but one boat here for Pittsburgh the "Dolphin". Will leave on her at ten o'clock. The river is so high we will be a long time on the way. I never

was as much disappointed in my life, as here, by not getting any letters from home. If I ever have a friend go to New Orleans, I will return good for evil, if *writing* will do it. What *can be* the reason? Are any of our friends dead? sick? or have they forgotten us?

March 31st.

This morning passed Portsmouth a beautiful place, compared with southern towns. Our boat is now crowded with passengers, and *I think very slow.*

April 1st.

Were detained yesterday three long hours taking on board Pig Iron at Greenupoburg, which detention, I did not fail to let the Captain know I noticed. This morning passed "Ponsross Landing". This evening Blannerhasset's Island, situated about twelve miles below Marietta. Blannerhasset was one of the Irish patriots, who were compelled to leave Ireland, after their attempt to liberate themselves from the thraldom of England. Being wealthy he with his accomplished lady on reaching this country came to the West and located on this island which still bears his name, built a splendid mansion, and made beautiful improvements. His residence was resorted to by many from far and near as a place much desired to spend a few days. While thus pleasantly situated, through the instrumentality of his beautiful and intelligent Lady he became implicated in Burrs conspiracy, and was obliged to flee the country. The house he had built, with most of the improvements were consumed with fire. The farms on each side of the river in this vicinity look exceedingly well.

April 2nd.

This morning passed the mouth of Sunfish. Now on the lookout for the residence of A. G. Ewing which is said to be about two miles from here — Have just passed it — saw a lady and two children on the porch

— waved my handkerchief to them, but presume they could not imagine who I was. Am disappointed in the appearance of the place, it will not compare with many others below.

And now we have reached the part except for knowing when and why Uncle George came to Saginaw you are left to my tender memories. We will start with Uncle George because he was the first to come to Saginaw, and although he was the youngest boy of the family he was the shining light of all the Morleys during his lifetime. After his death in 1935 the following resolution was adopted by the Board of Directors of the Second National Bank and Trust Company of Saginaw, Michigan. "Mr Morley spent his boyhood and received a public school education in Fort Scott, Kansis. In 1874 when about 17 years of age he entered the employ of the Merchants National Bank of Fort Scott and remained there about two years.

"In 1876 Mr. Morley came to Saginaw and started work as a teller in the Second National Bank, then a small institution which his uncle, the late George W. Morley, had helped to organize five years before. He progressed rapidly in the bank and in 1882, when there was a reorganization of its personnel, he was elected Cashier, his uncle, George W. Morley, at the same time being advanced to the Presidency. He served as Cashier until January 12, 1901, when, upon the retirement of his uncle, he was elected to the Presidency, which office he held until 1929, when he became Chairman of the Board of Directors, remaining as such continuously thereafter until his death on December 20, 1935. During that period the bank, through able, conservative management, grew steadily and increased in prestige until it is now in sixth place in financial resources among the banks of Michigan.

GEORGE BIDWELL MORLEY

1857 -- 1935

Portrait hanging in Second National Bank, Saginaw, Michigan

"On January 1st, 1925, he was elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Detroit Branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago and held this position continuously until the date of his death."

After this, the article goes on to tell the prominent part that he played in the early development of manufacturing and industry in Michigan. They do not go into one fact which I think is quite interesting. At 14 he ran away from school and went to work, and when in the later years of his life he was asked to go to New York to be the President of one of the large Banks, he refused because he thought his education was insufficient to take such a position. I really feel that he loved Saginaw too much to leave. I have never known a man who was more loved and respected than he. He and Aunt Lulu never had any children which must have been a bitter disappointment to them, but as all the young people I played with in that neighborhood called them Aunt Lulu and Uncle George and were in and out of their house as if it were their own, I can't believe that they were ever very lonely.

Uncle Jack was very different from Uncle George. He would drive to the house on Washington Avenue in the latest and most dashing of motor cars. I can see them now coming up the walk, Aunt Carrie was a beauty. Her large hat made fast with a most becoming chiffon veil. She towered over Uncle Jack in his linen duster, goggles and check suit. We always loved to see them come, he always had the most wonderful yarns to tell. They were as amusing to our ears as they were to our elders. He and Uncle George belonged to a group of enthusiastic sportsmen. I even remember some of their names, Clark Ring, "Old" George Humphrey and "Captain" Billy Mershom—they thought nothing of a private car if the salmon were running in Canada or a Castle in Scotland for the grouse season. Uncle George was a sportsman — whether Uncle Jack

Mary Albree Morley Sellers

1870 -- 1940

was I never knew but with his fiddle and his stories no expedition was complete without him. I don't think Uncle Bert went with them — he was a precise and punctual man, you could set your clock by the time he left for the Bank. I think he always lived with his father and mother. After their death he married Anna McDonald from Bay City and brought her to live in their house, where she is still living. She brought gaiety into his life and it was a most happy marriage.

Next came Aunt Mary — she was a belle all her life, and went to Miss Piatt's Select Seminary for young ladies in Ithaca, N. Y. She "came out" in Cleveland with her beautiful cousin Helen Morley and her intellectual cousin Margaretta Morley. She married Frank Sellers, who came from Philadelphia — he was a Harvard graduate. His father, Colonel Sellers was a very rich man and all would have been well if the Colonel hadn't married a young woman who lived almost as long as Uncle Frank and Aunt Mary. They were a little held down by this unfortunate situation, but Mary was always pretty and gay and charmingly dressed. What a wonderful cook she was — with a houseful of servants or Mary herself presiding in the kitchen, it was always a meal to remember. They lived in Chicago to begin with, and then they moved to Pasadena, California. At the time of their death they were living in a lovely house near the Huntington Library. They are still remembered there for their help in organizing the Pasadena Playhouse and the Los Angeles Symphony — also Aunt Mary was one of the original members of the "Diggers" (Garden Club of America).

And now we come to the last child, my mother Emma Caroline, named after Emma of the Diary. I'm not going to tell you much about her here as she deserves more space. Her education was remarkable. Her father, tired of the run-of-the-mill educations his other children had received, concentrated on Philosophy and Science

Emma Caroline Morley Crapo

1872 -- 1937

— Spencer and Darwin primarily. She married Stanford T. Crapo. He came from New Bedford and had gone to Yale — class of 1886. He had come to Michigan to be the General Manager of the Pere Marquette Railroad of which his father was President. They lived in Saginaw until I was four years old, when they moved to Detroit where they lived until they died. He left the railroad when it was taken over by Mr. Prince of Boston who then proceeded to bilk it. It nearly broke his heart as he loved that railroad. However, his switch to the Huron Portland Cement Company which he helped organize was a wise one. It has been merged just this year with the National Gypsum Company, most profitably for us.

In those days when we visited in Saginaw there were passes on the railroad and a private car, and we were there a great deal. The house at 335 North Washington Street was modest, it was red, it was sunny and a delightful happy atmosphere pervaded it. Uncle George and Aunt Lulu lived just across the street — Uncle Jack and Aunt Carrie two blocks away, and even the Second National Bank was only within a stones throw. Everything was close in those days! It was during this time that grandfather wrote the articles for the newspapers of which I am reproducing one for you, also my sister's letter appraising them. She never knew him, but through his writings I think she has caught the real man better than I have.

At the time of my brother's marriage in Saginaw there were 17 Morley families. How many there are now I do not know, but only two male Morleys of our branch, Thomas McVay Morley born 1893 who has no children, and his brother Stewart Morley's son, John Carrington Morley born 1931. There are still Morleys and Hitchcocks in Cleveland who are substantial citizens. In the 1930's I met such a charming archeologist,

Stanford Tappan Crapo

1866 -- 1939

Sylvanus Morley*, who was also a member of the family.

But if you want to know more of the Morleys you will have to look them up yourself — my real interest lies in my branch. The outstanding member — my grandfather — a true intellectual but so full of fun, an erect, dignified man, always well-groomed, always in gray and on special occasions a gray top hat and a gold-headed cane!! Even now looking back half a century, I still swell with pride to think of him.

THE END

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*Sylvanus Griswold Morley — 1883 — Son of Benjamin Franklin Morley. In charge of Carnegie Institute expedition to Central America when I met him.

APPENDIX

Mrs. Donald F. Hyde,
26 East 63rd Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

4th February, 1959.

Dear Cassie,

You were awfully good to send the (very fragile) clippings about and by Grandfather Morley — I've enjoyed reading them enormously and they give a spirited picture of a very remarkable man. About his education I know nothing — one clipping says that he was educated "liberally" in Ohio. Whether this was formal or informal study I do not know — but the result was an extraordinarily well-rounded person — a species not uncommon in 18th Century England — and called "the complete man". Anywhere, since that time such breadth is very unusual — due in great measure, I suppose to the present obsession for specialization — and disregard for amateur opinion.

He treats a wide range of subjects in the various articles and I can imagine that the "venerable" Essayist was followed in the columns of the Saginaw paper with the enthusiasm that local Commentators are today. Several pieces concern religion; — comparative religions — Christianity, Paganism, Judaism, Buddhism — (he was steeped in details of all); conflicts between Theology and Science (a strong contention here was that extraneous matter which separated them with argument — should be transcended. Pure questions of the spirit are outside the sway of Science.) There is one interesting article on Christian Science — showing its influence from Plato, Berkeley, the Concord philosophius etc. Another, quite fascinating piece is in defense of Pres. Eliot's proposed new religion.

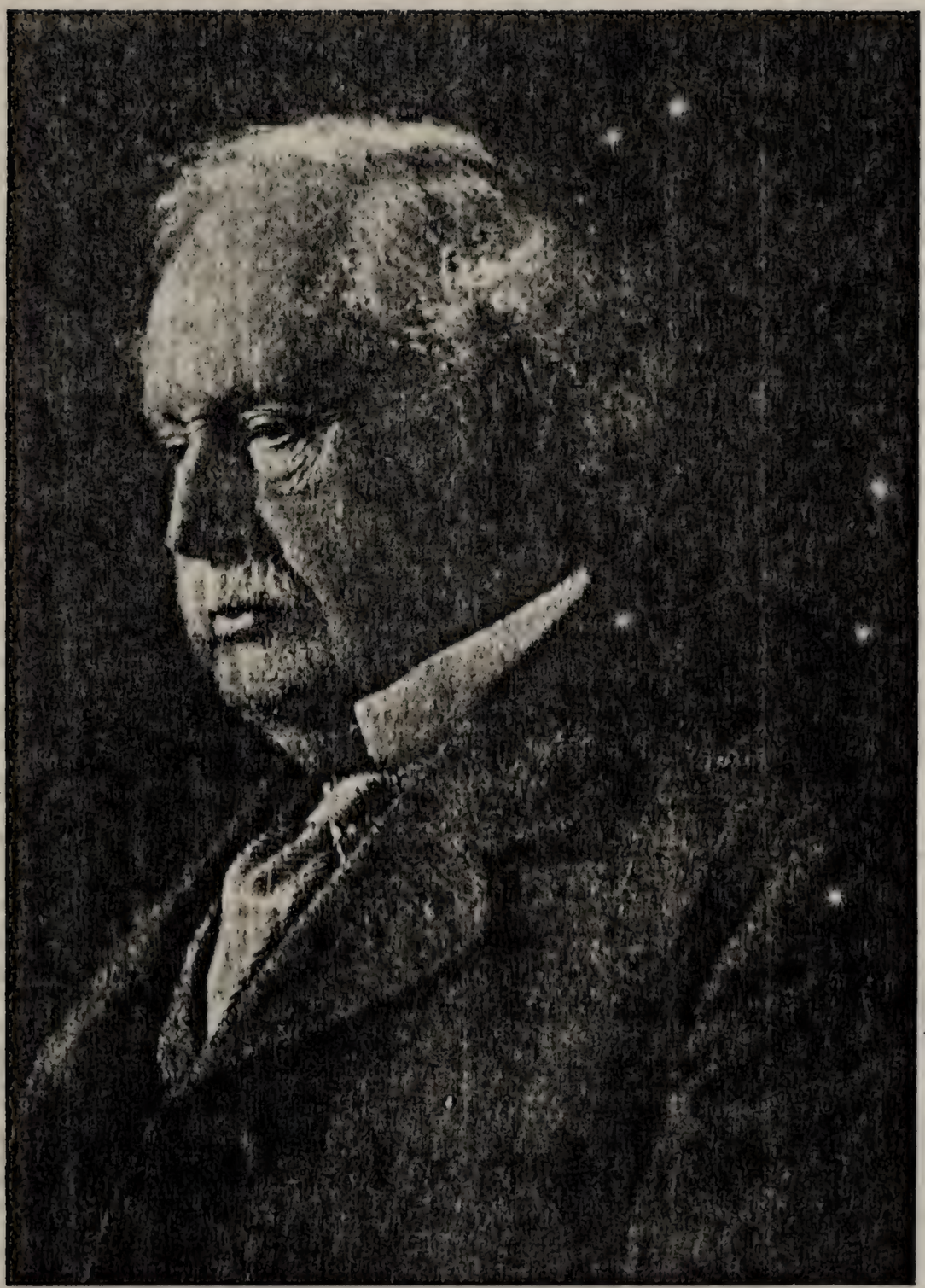
Grandfather was also very knowledgeable and interested in Mythology and folkways and customs. One of the lighter bits describes the evolution of common customs, superstitions and words. Very entertaining.

Evolution itself was something that obviously fascinated him — (imagine reading, as a young man, *The Origin of Species* — at the time it was published.) He was also devoted to Spencer who predated Darwin's investigations. Many observations concern the conflicts of Science and Theology.

The other great field of interest is Social — government, business, labor. He interprets the philosophy of government — and the Theory of Socialism — according to the laws of evolution. It takes time, hundreds, sometimes thousands of years to develop the individuals. The dream of universal happiness and equal division is old as the ages — but the element of human nature is overlooked in these theories. There should be cooperation instead of socialization. Individualism is the principle of Civilization. Opportunity should be given. Ability should be rewarded. (Survival of the fittest.) Discontent has been the compelling force of civilization — and through it improvement will evolve.

He discusses government of Cities — and suggests these administrations be run like private businesses (a city manager today takes administration out of politics). He discusses labor problems broadly and wisely — discusses strikes and the dangers they create for the country's economy.

The little booklet (I imagine, originally, a speech delivered at his son's bank) is most interesting: the present banking laws are too rigid, too quickly determined — there should be evolution (again!) — improvement, adjustment and understanding between banks themselves. Interesting descriptions in this are the panics of '93 and 1907.



JOHN RUFUS MORLEY
Saginaw days

The note on Detroit and Russia — the refusal of the last to accept the Gregorian calendar and the former to accept Standard Time — is most amusing.

All through the articles there is knowledge, tolerance, wisdom and vision — some of the remarks have great timeliness. The allusions to Russia, China, India — are very interesting. Furthermore he writes *beautifully,* clearly and simply and constructively. Time and time again, I was struck by Grandfathers influence upon Mother — her reading, beliefs and enthusiasms. What fun you and Bill must have had knowing him — Everything provoking his interest. He must have sent off sparks!"

Love — Mary.

I have chosen the following article from among the many Mary speaks of.

DR. ELIOT'S NEW RELIGION AND HIS CRITICS

By John R. Morley

Editor of the Courier-Herald:

I have been waiting with some curiosity for the appearance of the criticisms or replies which President Eliot's prediction regarding a new religion in the near future was certain to call forth. So far the replies that have been made are disappointing, both on account of their discourteous character, and their avoidance of the real points at issue.

The reply of a Detroit clergyman, given with much heat, in the presence of his congregation, was that President Eliot is in his dotage. A high church dignitary in another state pronounced it "ludicrous," one of the editors of the Chicago Inter-Ocean closes a critical notice of it with the following words: "There is not a national, historical or philosophical viewpoint which is other than absurd. Aside from his mere literary acquirements he (Dr. Eliot) is as confused in thought and as flatulent in opinion as Andrew Carnegie."

However much President Eliot may err in opinion, he certainly is entitled to a more courteous and gentlemanly reply than the above.

It will be generally admitted, I think, that:

Every religious system is necessarily based upon the claim of a divinely revealed knowledge of the universe and man's relation to it, and to its author, consequently, whenever a discovery is made in physical science that conflicts with such alleged revelation, religion is obliged to adjust itself to this fact if it would maintain its own integrity, and carry the intellectual word with it, regardless of the cost to doctrine and dogma which such harmonizing may exact. Such has been the case in the past and must necessarily be so in the future.

It was doubtless with this inexorable law in mind, and a realization of the many radical reconciliations or adjustments that must be made in the near future between religion and science that led Dr. Eliot to conclude that it would be substantially a new religion that would emerge from the ordeal.

At the time Dr. Eliot entered upon his collegiate course, the following points were held to be revealed truths:

That the earth, sun, moon and stars were created by a divine fiat, out of nothing, within a period of six days, about six thousand years ago.

That man came into the world by a special creative act, his body having been fashioned in one day by his Creator, out of the dust of the earth.

"That man was born into knowledge, righteousness and holiness, but through an act of disobedience he fell from his high estate whereby his whole nature became corrupt, and so made liable, he and his posterity, to the miseries of this life, to death itself and to the pains of hell forever."

That the salvation of the human race depends upon its redemption from the penalty of sin under which it lies, through the merits of a divine being, who died for its sins to satisfy divine justice.

That it was through Adam's disobedience that sin and death came into the world.

That man's escape from the thraldom of sin, that came through Adam's fall, lies through a new birth, or change of heart, a miraculous change whereby a regenerated nature takes the place of the old one.

When Dr. Eliot, a few months ago, resigned the presidenty of the institution over which he had presided for nearly half a century, he found the following among others to be the generally accepted truths of science:

That the earth was not created in six days, or six periods of time, but was evolved from nebulous matter to its present form, a process extending backward through countless cons of time.

That man was not created but evolved his ancestry reaching back in an unbroken line through countless animal forms to a minute unicellular body swimming in the matrix of a primeval sea millions of years ago. And that every human being now born into the world springs from a similar unicellular body nourished within the maternal matrix.

That man was born in ignorance and misery. Of righteousness or the opposite he had not the remotest idea, but his genesis has been that of a slow but continuous ascent from a semi-human to his present highly developed and specialized organization.

That man's salvation during the long past has been worked out by himself, if worked out at all, under the rough discipline of trials and tribulations, hunger and cold, his only teacher and saviour having been bitter experience.

That carnage and death prevailed in the world long before men appeared upon the earth.

That what we now brand as sins spring from the undue dominance of certain inherited animal traits which we have not yet wholly outgrown, but which were in a remote past absolutely essential to the upward progress of the race, for in the fierce struggle for existence it was man's ruthless ferocity and his apelike cunning, exceeding that of all other animals, and his unscrupulous grasping nature that enabled him to reach his present supremacy, the headship of the sentient world.

That these now rudimentary traits of character like man's rudimentary physical organs, though useful in a remote past remain only to plague humanity now and to become the chief cause of all its woes.

That from these new undesirable mental qualities, which he inherits from his animal ancestors, the real source of sin and crime, man cannot through any means be suddenly freed, but only gradually as in the past, through a slow process of intellectual and moral development extending through countless generations.

One could safely say that it would have been far more satisfactory to the general public, if instead of resorting to ridicule and offensive personalities, the critics of President Eliot had outlined a body of religious doctrine that would be more likely to emerge from an adjustment or reconciliation between the above radically divergent beliefs, than that outlined by President Eliot.

August 16, 1909. JOHN R. MORLEY

Notes on John Rufus Morley in a letter written to Mary Morley Sellers by her brother Albert in 1932.

JOHN R. MORLEY
Born Weedsport, N. Y. — Mar. 10, 1829

GEORGE W. MORLEY (BROTHER)
Born Weedsport, N. Y. — Jan. 10, 1831
Moved to Brockport between Jan. 1831
and Mar. 27, 1835

CHARLES H. MORLEY (BROTHER)
Born Brockport — Mar. 27, 1835

EMMA CAROLINE MORLEY (SISTER)
Born Brockport — April 15, 1837
Moved to Painsville, Ohio between 1837 and 39

EDWARD W. MORLEY (BROTHER)
Born Painsville — Feb. 9, 1839

J. R. Morley presumably went to school in Painsville before he went to Hudson College.

In 1852 when he was 23 years old he was in the Foundry business with his brother in Warren, Ohio.

He was married September 14, 1853 to Catherine Bidwell McVay in Warren. They had five children:

JOHN MCVAY MORLEY
Born Warren in 1854.

ALBERT HEALY MORLEY
Born Painsville in 1856.

GEORGE BIDWELL MORLEY
Born Painsville in 1857.

Between 1854 and 56 they moved back to Painsville.

MARY ALBREE MORLEY
Born Fort Scott in 1870.

EMMA CAROLINE MORLEY
Born Fort Scott in 1872.

In Painsville he was manufacturing furniture. That business was burned out.

THE MORLEY HOMESTEAD, PAINESVILLE, OHIO

The house my mother and father were married in.

Moved with his family to Hanibal, Mo. where he and his brother Charles were partners in the firm of—

MORLEY BROS.,
Dealers in Flour, Western Reserve
Butter & Cheese,
Corner of Main and Bird Streets.

This business was disposed of in 1860. He took his family to Davenport, Iowa, where he and his brothers Thomas and Edward were in business as Grocers under the firm name of "T. H. Morley & Co.," he never had any partnership in this business but owing to the ill health of Thomas he gave his time and attention to help his brothers.

In 1862 he went into the General Store Business—
J. R. MORLEY & CO.

This firm was dissolved and a law suit of long standing followed, eventually won by him.

His family left Davenport at this time having sold at auction all of the household goods and went East to visit relatives then returned in 1863 to Fort Scott. On their arrival at Fort Scott they stayed at the Wilder House until the little stone house on Crawford Street which he was building was completed.

In the fall of 1864 when the rebel General Price threatened to raid Fort Scott he served as orderly sergeant in the Militia, organized to defend the town.

After the war he sold out his general store business and took charge of the affairs of Gov. George A. Crawford, comprising the flour and woolen mills, the Fort Scott Monitor, and the construction and operation of the only foundry and machine shop in Fort Scott.

In 1870 he embarked in the hardware business with Charles H. Morley and Thomas H. Marshall un-

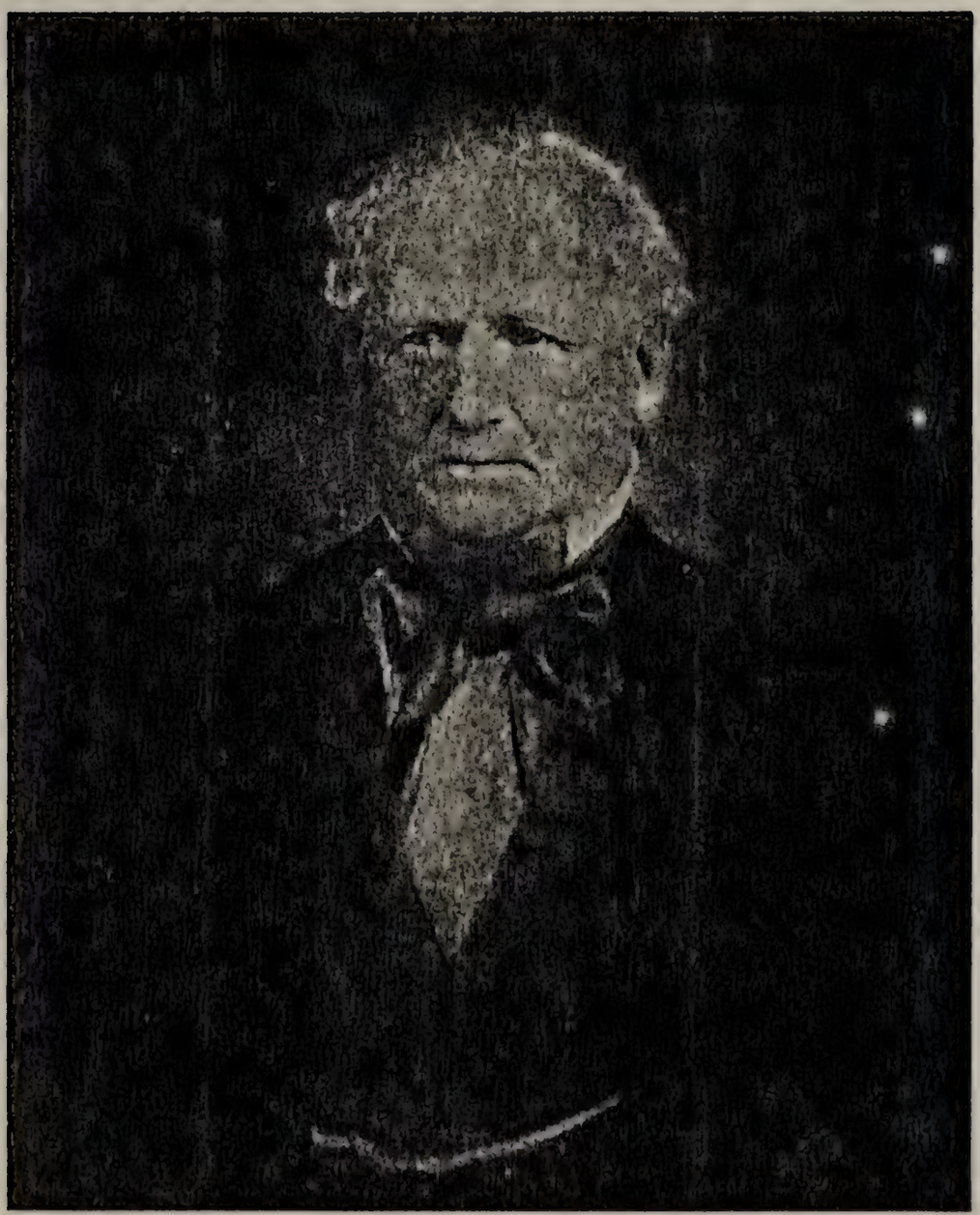
Garden Party at Cousin Kitty Warren's Painesville house

Helen Rockwell Morley
Mary Albee Morley
Margaretta Morley

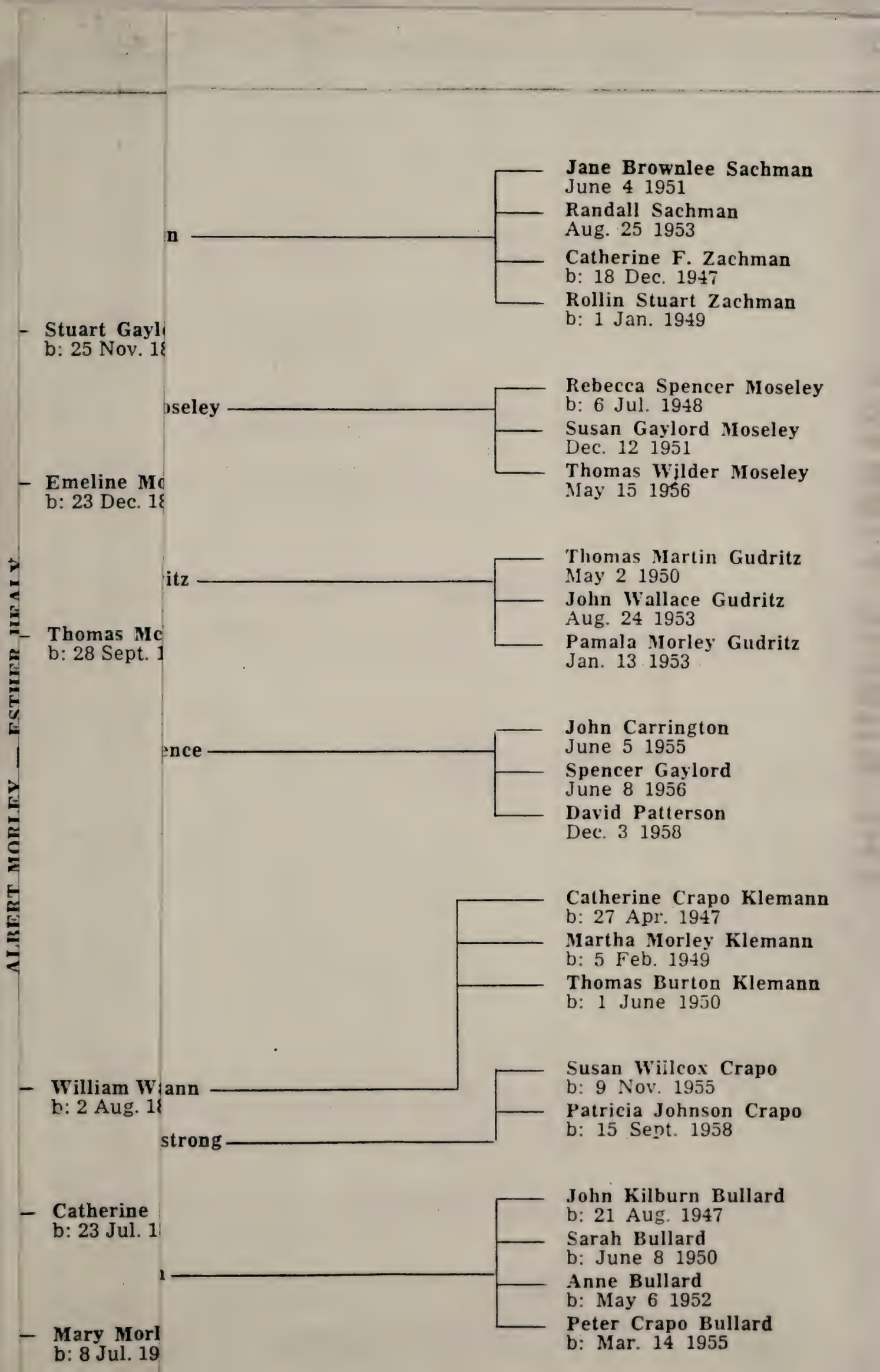
Mrs. Henry Warren
Thomas Warren

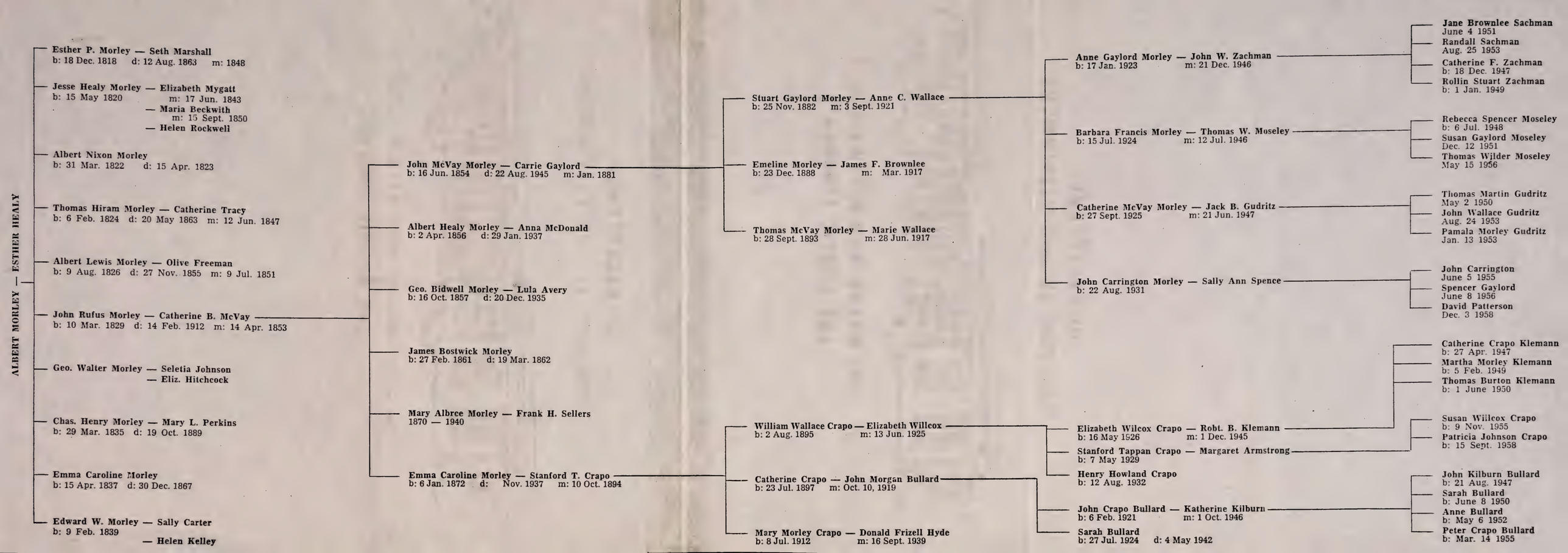
Juliet Marshall Smith
Emma C. Morley
May Warren

der the name of Morley Brothers & Co., buying out R. B. Town, then located on Wall Street.



Albert Morley
1797 -- 1883
The earliest picture of a Morley I have found


ALBERT MORLEY — ESTHER HEALY
n
Jane Brownlee Sachman
June 4 1951
Randall Sachman
Aug. 25 1953
Catherine F. Zachman
b: 18 Dec. 1947
Rollin Stuart Zachman
b: 1 Jan. 1949
Stuart Gayl
b: 25 Nov. 18
oseley
Rebecca Spencer Moseley
b: 6 Jul. 1948
Susan Gaylord Moseley
Dec. 12 1951
Thomas Wilder Moseley
May 15 1956
Emeline Mc
b: 23 Dec. 18
itz
Thomas Martin Gudritz
May 2 1950
John Wallace Gudritz
Aug. 24 1953
Pamala Morley Gudritz
Jan. 13 1953
Thomas Mc
b: 28 Sept. 1
ence
John Carrington
June 5 1955
Spencer Gaylord
June 8 1956
David Patterson
Dec. 3 1958
Catherine Crapo Klemann
b: 27 Apr. 1947
Martha Morley Klemann
b: 5 Feb. 1949
Thomas Burton Klemann
b: 1 June 1950
William W ann
b: 2 Aug. 18
strong
Susan Wilcox Crapo
b: 9 Nov. 1955
Patricia Johnson Crapo
b: 15 Sept. 1958
Catherine
b: 23 Jul. 1
John Kilburn Bullard
b: 21 Aug. 1947
Sarah Bullard
b: June 8 1950
Anne Bullard
b: May 6 1952
Peter Crapo Bullard
b: Mar. 14 1955
Mary Morl
b: 8 Jul. 19


ALBERT MORLEY — ESTHER HEALY
Esther P. Morley — Seth Marshall
b: 18 Dec. 1818 d: 12 Aug. 1863 m: 1848
Jesse Healy Morley — Elizabeth Mygatt
b: 15 May 1820 m: 17 Jun. 1843
— Maria Beckwith
m: 15 Sept. 1850
— Helen Rockwell
Albert Nixon Morley
b: 31 Mar. 1822 d: 15 Apr. 1823
Thomas Hiram Morley — Catherine Tracy
b: 6 Feb. 1824 d: 20 May 1863 m: 12 Jun. 1847
Albert Lewis Morley — Olive Freeman
b: 9 Aug. 1826 d: 27 Nov. 1855 m: 9 Jul. 1851
John Rufus Morley — Catherine B. McVay
b: 10 Mar. 1829 d: 14 Feb. 1912 m: 14 Apr. 1853
Geo. Walter Morley — Seletia Johnson
— Eliz. Hitchcock
Chas. Henry Morley — Mary L. Perkins
b: 29 Mar. 1835 d: 19 Oct. 1889
Emma Caroline Morley
b: 15 Apr. 1837 d: 30 Dec. 1867
Edward W. Morley — Sally Carter
b: 9 Feb. 1839
— Helen Kelley
John McVay Morley — Carrie Gaylord
b: 16 Jun. 1854 d: 22 Aug. 1945 m: Jan. 1881
Albert Healy Morley — Anna McDonald
b: 2 Apr. 1856 d: 29 Jan. 1937
Geo. Bidwell Morley — Lula Avery
b: 16 Oct. 1857 d: 20 Dec. 1935
James Bostwick Morley
b: 27 Feb. 1861 d: 19 Mar. 1862
Mary Albree Morley — Frank H. Sellers
1870 — 1940
Emma Caroline Morley — Stanford T. Crapo
b: 6 Jan. 1872 d: Nov. 1937 m: 10 Oct. 1894
Stuart Gaylord Morley — Anne C. Wallace
b: 25 Nov. 1882 m: 3 Sept. 1921
Emeline Morley — James F. Brownlee
b: 23 Dec. 1888 m: Mar. 1917
Thomas McVay Morley — Marie Wallace
b: 28 Sept. 1893 m: 28 Jun. 1917
William Wallace Crapo — Elizabeth Willcox
b: 2 Aug. 1895 m: 13 Jun. 1925
Catherine Crapo — John Morgan Bullard
b: 23 Jul. 1897 m: Oct. 10, 1919
Mary Morley Crapo — Donald Frizell Hyde
b: 8 Jul. 1912 m: 16 Sept. 1939
Anne Gaylord Morley — John W. Zachman
b: 17 Jan. 1923 m: 21 Dec. 1946
Barbara Francis Morley — Thomas W. Moseley
b: 15 Jul. 1924 m: 12 Jul. 1946
Catherine McVay Morley — Jack B. Gudritz
b: 27 Sept. 1925 m: 21 Jun. 1947
John Carrington Morley — Sally Ann Spence
b: 22 Aug. 1931
Elizabeth Wilcox Crapo — Robt. B. Klemann
b: 16 May 1926 m: 1 Dec. 1945
Stanford Tappan Crapo — Margaret Armstrong
b: 7 May 1929
Henry Howland Crapo
b: 12 Aug. 1932
John Crapo Bullard — Katherine Kilburn
b: 6 Feb. 1921 m: 1 Oct. 1946
Sarah Bullard
b: 27 Jul. 1924 d: 4 May 1942
Jane Brownlee Sachman
June 4 1951
Randall Sachman
Aug. 25 1953
Catherine F. Zachman
b: 18 Dec. 1947
Rollin Stuart Zachman
b: 1 Jan. 1949
Rebecca Spencer Moseley
b: 6 Jul. 1948
Susan Gaylord Moseley
Dec. 12 1951
Thomas Wilder Moseley
May 15 1956
Thomas Martin Gudritz
May 2 1950
John Wallace Gudritz
Aug. 24 1953
Pamala Morley Gudritz
Jan. 13 1953
John Carrington
June 5 1955
Spencer Gaylord
June 8 1956
David Patterson
Dec. 3 1958
Catherine Crapo Klemann
b: 27 Apr. 1947
Martha Morley Klemann
b: 5 Feb. 1949
Thomas Burton Klemann
b: 1 June 1950
Susan Willcox Crapo
b: 9 Nov. 1955
Patricia Johnson Crapo
b: 15 Sept. 1958
John Kilburn Bullard
b: 21 Aug. 1947
Sarah Bullard
b: June 8 1950
Anne Bullard
b: May 6 1952
Peter Crapo Bullard
b: Mar. 14 1955

Dec 21st Mr McKay finds it will not be practible to get a boat for the "Iris" to any place that will enable her to make any thing, and has concluded to lay her up for a few days, we will remain on board as we are more comfortably situated here, than we would be in a Hotel — Had a visit from Mr Cuningham, who married Miss Nancy Willson formerly near Claysville, he is now a widower, and engaged in business here,

" 22d Some warmer to day, am quite unwell again, there changes in the weather I dislike exceedingly,

" 23d Mr McKay left this morning for Mobile, a great many steam boats arriving and departing Mr Hadden has called several times, expresses much anxiety for the weather to become pleasant, so

that he can take us round to see the City, should have invited the "Roanoke" arrived yesterday from Cincinnatti, loaded down to the guard

Dec 24th Rachael Hammond called to day to see me, and enquire about Sarah and Polly, says she is chambermaid on the "Leander," looks well

" 25th (Christmas day) presume there is quite a stir up in this City, we cannot see much of it here on the Levee,

" 26th Mr & Mrs Brewer arrived to day, on the "Monongahala" called on me this evening, it would require one to be placed in similar circumstances to imagine how much I was pleased to see them, and hear from home, no letters however —

" 27th (Sunday) Mr Brewer and Mr Holmes called this morning) to take me to church, but I was in bed, with a

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